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SINGLE WE MOVE AND SOLITARY.

Single we move and solitary,
Like stars companioned yet apart,
Heart unto heart a foreign country,
While heart forever yearns to heart.

Alone they knew the taste of gladness
Theirs, the most dear who now are
gone
Far off, and all their load of sadness
In deepest night they bore alone.

Law of our life whose iron limit
Something we are yet madly strives
To foil, to evade, break from within it,
Blend our lone life with other lives.

Vain, vain desire that haunts forever
Our human heart unsatisfied,
Breathing of death, "It brings together,
Life is it, life that both divide."

Here have we felt some vanishing
moment
Close as our living thoughts are
grown
The dead, as though a flower were
fragrant
With sudden perfume not its own.

So when this marvelous dream is over.
This brief entralling puppet-show,
When down that dark sans love and
lover,
Sinking in frozen gulfs we go,

There, in the ultimate night forsaken
By earthly all, ourselves unknown
Unto ourselves, perchance we waken
Slowly aware we are not alone;

Feel in the misty dawn of being
Presences, every barrier past,
Loves unforgot in love undying
Perfect and ours and one at last.
Margaret L. Woods.

The Poetry Review.

TO ADVERSITY.

Adversity, sweet layer on of hands,
Healing the soul's bewilderment, thou
friend

Who comes so oft clad in pale terror's
guise,
To pour thy rays on unillumined
things,
Blinding the eyes before thou givest
sight,
Now art thou come to me. I was as one
Bereft of birthright, unaware of God,
With days undedicated, and alone,
Wandering the desert of security.
Thou bringest visions, crownest me
with thorns.
The myriad pilgrims of humanity,
Cross-laden, pass upon their sacred
way,
Each beckons me, a myriad voices call.
All things are now significant of God.
Thus hast thou wrought for me, Ad-
versity,
Cleanser of self. Here hast thou shown
to me
Creation, Life, not Death. To me thou
art
The harbinger of Christ, and in thy
hands
Bearest the keys of Heaven. I follow
thee.

Mary Alden Childers.

The Nation.

THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

Surely the Keeper of the House of
Death
Had long grown weary of letting in the
old—
Of welcoming the aged, the short of
breath,
Sad spirits, duller than their tales oft-
told.
He must have longed to gather in the
gold
Of shining youth to deck his dreary
spaces—
To hear no more old wail and sor-
rowing.
And now he has his wish, and the
young faces
Are crowding in: and laughter fills
Death's places;
And all his courts are gay with flowers
of Spring.

A. T. Nankivell.
The Westminster Gazette.

GERMANY AND SOUTH AMERICA.

A BRAZILIAN VIEW.

It was necessary that the storm should burst in order that the significance of the clouds should be understood. When reading the history of our times, the people of the future will be astonished that until the moment of hostilities the great Allied Powers had ignored the plans of conquest made by the German Empire. These plans were not unrevealed since they had been explained to the last detail by the Pangermanist writers. But the Powers were incredulous. Behind these menacing writers they were obstinate in seeing the crowds gathered round the "Social-Demokratie" and they delighted in their pacifist verbosity. But William the Second ever since his accession had posed as the War Lord. On the 1st of October 1900, in laying the first stone of the Roman Museum of Saalburg, he said "May our German nation in the future, with the co-operation of the princes and the people, their armies and their citizens, become as powerful, as strongly united, as extraordinary as the Roman Universal Empire, so that in the future people may say 'I am a German citizen,' as in the past they said 'Civis Romanus sum.'" In his activities the Kaiser had contributed to the foundation of the "Alldeutscher Verband" and of the "Flottenverein," two societies which are greatly responsible for the War; and many other things happened to confirm the warlike intentions of William the Second, and to establish his responsibility for the outbreak of the actual conflict. In spite of that, there were innumerable intelligent people in France, England, and elsewhere who were confident of the pacific tendencies of the Kaiser.

Even after two years and five months of war, how many people are acquainted with the German designs for uni-

versal conquest? How many know of her designs for conquest in South America, and her scheme for settlement in that continent at the expense of the South American Republics? In England, where more than elsewhere public opinion plays a preponderant rôle in political decisions: where nothing is done without public opinion, it is urgent to instruct the public in all truths relative to Germany.

The Germans must not take the Allies unawares a second time. Doubtless, an economic war will succeed to a war of fire and sword. As Germany will not have been able to conquer by war, she will try to conquer in peace. We cannot foresee what the state of Germany will be when the Peace Treaty is signed, but it is true wisdom to be prepared for all eventualities. Being ready for the greatest, the English will be ready for the least. To be ready for the greatest will mean for England, anticipating henceforth in what direction the economic effort of Germany will be made after the War, and preparing the way for the struggle against an enemy who will be well prepared, well organized and tenacious. South America will be, without doubt, one of the points of the globe where Germany will concentrate her greatest efforts. It will therefore be profitable to draw the attention of the English public to this part of the world, where, moreover, their own interests are already so important. But above all I shall be glad if, in showing the general sympathy which exists in South America for the cause for which the English are fighting, I can help in further strengthening there the conviction of the justice and nobleness of their cause. It is strange that in the fury of mortal combat one should think about the

opinion of neutrals; favorable or unfavorable, one must fight to live. Ultimately, however, their opinion will weigh more and more in the balance, and will end by representing the conscience of the world, for only neutrals are able to give an impartial opinion. Their condemnation will weigh more and more on the conscience of the reproved party. In fact, the impatience and hatred of the Germans against most of the neutrals of America show already how much their disapprobation irritates them, notwithstanding that they pretend to despise it. This strongly expressed reprobation of the neutrals, added to the final defeat of the German armies, will contribute in the future to impose upon Germany the discipline of that International Law which she has so inhumanly violated by acts of barbarous anarchy.

The ambitions of Germany are nothing less than criminal. The plan of universal conquest, conceived and organized in all its details by the German Government, is only a logical consequence of Pan-Germanist doctrines. But these are deeply rooted in the psychology of the German people. The contemporary world thoroughly misunderstood the psychology of the Germans until this War showed us the truth with an unprecedented brutality. To avoid being deceived tomorrow, as we were yesterday, it is essential to reflect on the profound causes of this bloody War. It is time to draw solid conclusions from the actual events so as not to be entrapped in the future. Pan-Germanism, which is the real cause of the War, is the doctrine which, starting from self-worship, tends towards Germany's deification and to her necessary hegemony over all other nations and peoples of the universe.

So long as the psychology of the Germans remains the same, the Pan-Germanist dream of universal conquest

may materialize in the future. That is what we should keep before us.

1. The Conquest of South America by Germany.

The conquest of South America by Germany was certainly a most ambitious dream of William the Second. After having annihilated France and Russia, and established German hegemony over Austria-Hungary, the Balkans, Turkey, Egypt, and Persia; after having seized in the West, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, and the North of France, starting from a line drawn from Belfort to Calais, and in the East, the Baltic Provinces, Russian Poland, the Governments of Kovno, Grodno, and Vilna, the German Empire would include within her frontiers 4,015,000 square kilometres, and 204,000,000 inhabitants, so that she could raise an army of twenty millions or twenty-eight millions according to whether she raised soldiers at the rate of 10 per cent. or 14 per cent. of the whole population. Who would be able under these conditions to resist her? On the other hand, having confiscated the French Fleet and disposed of all the resources of the conquered countries, she could quickly build a powerful fleet superior to that of the British Empire. Who could then resist her on the sea? The world would then be at her mercy. Germany would only have to stretch out her hand to take possession of that which she coveted. She would then proceed to found in South America a German Colony destined to rival the great Anglo-Saxon power of the North.

The Pan-Germanist writers who have conceived the formation of German colonies in South America are numerous; Gustav Schmoller, the well-known economist, who believes, like Nietzsche and Sybel, in the divine mission of Germany, wishes to see established in Brazil a colony of thirty to forty million Germans. Other professors, as, for

instance, the late Hugo Münsterberg, philosopher at Harvard, and Adolphe Wagner, a Berlin economist, have advocated the future invasion of South America; they condemn the Monroe doctrine whose formula is "America for the Americans," and they try to persuade the United States of America that such a doctrine can only augment the chances of a conflict with Europe. Münsterberg wrote in his book, *The Americans*, that Americans will one day understand the "error and the folly" of this doctrine. He explained in a disinterested tone that he would wish the United States to limit the extent of this doctrine to Central America. In considering this serious dissertation from a professor who taught at Harvard, we remember the Germans who in the time of peace constructed in the North of France tennis-courts which were in reality platforms destined to receive the great siege guns. Other German writers are equally explicit upon that matter. Wilhelm Sievers starts from the principle that Germany has as much right as England, Russia, and the United States to have vast territories for expanding her population. To prove the necessity of the conquest of South America by Germany, he proceeds to say that South America is the only part of the globe, which is still at their disposal (! ! !). Therefore, he concludes, "we must hasten to take possession of it." By territories "at their disposal" this author means, without doubt, all territory coveted by Germany which is not defended by a military force capable of resisting German arms.

Joseph Ludwig Riemer is of the same opinion as Herr Professor Sievers, and advises to be sent to South America "an army of technicians, engineers, scholars, business men, and managers."

Alfred Funk is of the opinion that Germany has a right to the province of Rio Grande do Sul (Brazil), and that

Germany ought to exercise there a political influence; but he does not think the fruit is yet ripe enough to be gathered, and he adds: "Right and power are with us, and our plan will not fail if we do not allow ourselves to be influenced by the inopportune political hallucinations of others."

As to Lange Friedrich, he affirms that the Argentine and Brazil and all the South American nations ought to be conquered by kindness or by force.

Ven Liebert gives his opinion that "German emigration to South America ought to remove from the North and go towards the South, that is to say, towards Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil, to form in these countries a compact mass of Germans," hoping "that this powerful body, united to Germany by the ties of blood and of language, will bind together their relations with the Mother Country, and thus organize in this way the Great German Empire of which the Emperor spoke in 1895."

The most explicit of all these writers is certainly Otto Richard Tannenberg. In his book, published in Leipzig in 1911, he divides the world for the convenience of Germany and assigns to her the finest parts. "Germany," writes Tannenberg, "takes under her protection the Republics of Argentina, Chili, Uruguay, and Paraguay, the third southern part of Bolivia, as much as belongs to the basin of Rio de La Plata, and the southern part of Brazil, where Germans predominate." These acquisitions represent:

	Sq. kl.	Inhabitants
Argentina .	2,950,000	7,091,000
Chili	757,000	3,415,000
Uruguay ..	187,000	1,225,000
Paraguay ..	258,000	800,000
1-3d Bolivia	500,000	666,000
1-5th Brazil	1,700,000	5,000,000

German South America, concludes Tannenberg, "will procure for us in the temperate zone a territory for col-

onization where our emigrants will be able to settle as agriculturists. Chili and Argentina will keep their language and autonomy, but we should enforce in the schools German being taught as a second language. Southern Brazil, Paraguay and Uruguay are the countries for German culture. German should be there the national language."

Even during the war, Germany has prepared for some of these realizations. The Committee of Foreign Affairs for the Senate of the United States possesses proof of German intrigue in the American hemisphere in contempt of the Monroe doctrine. These official Pangermanist activities are entirely in accordance with the views of Tannenberg and those of the German Government.

Then, to satisfy England, who according to Tannenberg would have remained neutral, he generously permits her to establish herself in the remaining parts of Brazil, in Bolivia, in Peru, and in the Guianas. The United States of America should be content with Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, and Central America. Herr Tannenberg writes in anticipation of the Peace Treaty which the Powers of Europe will have to sign after Germany has annihilated them. In dividing the world to his satisfaction and covetousness, Otto Richard becomes quite humorous. He assures us that "Japan is so useful to Germany that if she did not exist it would be necessary to invent her." Meanwhile, the Japanese are at Kiao-Teheao.

If we are to believe this author, the South American Republics are peopled entirely with negroes, Indians, and half-castes; now, the truth is that in Brazil there are ten times fewer negroes than in the United States out of a population which reaches already nearly the third of that of the Northern Republic. As to the Indians, gradually being driven back into the central

forests, they do not represent more, from north to south, than a total of 300,000, the number of which is rapidly diminishing. But lies are of no account with this author, if he can thereby give an argument to justify the seizure by Germany of a territory coveted for her riches. And then, adds the author, the people of the South American Republics will be only too much honored and delighted to bear the name of German citizens. One recognizes here the mentality of the Professors who announced the decadence of France and of England, and who by a series of gross and psychological errors have drawn against themselves the coalition of the Universe. No, the Germans in their blindness do not see clearly. Not only do the South American Republics intend firmly to keep at all costs the independence that they have proudly acquired but, moreover, the name of German citizen with them today is an object of contempt.

The Pangermanist atlas of Paul Langhans contains a register of all the Germans scattered over the globe. It was published in 1900 by Justus Perthes at Gotha. With reference to the South American countries it gives the following figures:

	Germans
Brazil	in 1890 400,000
Argentina	in 1895 60,000
Chili	in 1895 15,000
Peru.....	in 1895 2,000
Colombia	in 1895 2,000
Paraguay	in 1890 3,000
Uruguay	in 1897 5,000
Venezuela	in 1894 5,000

German interests in Central America amount to 300,000,000 Marks. In Guatemala and Costa-Rica they possess much land and property, many banks and railways. "In these regions," says Mr. Calderon, "two dominant influences are contending: German Imperialism and Monroeism.

The Kaiser hastens to recognize President Madriz in Nicaragua, whilst the revolutionaries, protected by the United States of America, hasten to throw down his ephemeral power." The principal commerce of Nicaragua and Costa-Rica is with Germany. Here Tannenberg is inconsolable that Germany had not seized Cuba. "The Pearl of the Antilles," before the United States of America had taken possession of it.

In Chili and the Argentine German officers instructed the Army and carried to the two sides of the Cordilleras of the Andes the prestige of the German armies and the dogma "Deutschland über Alles in der Welt."

Germany only began to organize her action in South America in 1900. It was about 1898, after the Spanish-American War, when the European nations bowed before the Monroe doctrine, that Germany began to think seriously of establishing herself in South America. Her pacific organization reached its last stage with the promulgation of the Delbrück Law in July 1913.

After having made a register of all the Germans living in the world they had to make sure of the means by which they could count on them when the hour struck for conquest by force of arms. Undoubtedly German emigrants always kept in their hearts the cult of the Fatherland. But this was not enough; the emigrants of the Fatherland must still feel that they were legally Germans. The means for this were simple—namely, by permitting them all to remain Germans and to enjoy the prerogatives of German citizens, although becoming naturalized in other countries. Von Liebert was the first to demand that for this purpose the law of 1876 relating to the loss of nationality should be changed. On the 2d of July 1913 the law called the Delbrück Law was passed. The pre-

amble to this law explains that its provisions were made for the need of those who relinquished their nationality in order to earn their living in other countries. Baron von Richdofen, commenting on this preamble, said in the Reichstag: "We have the pleasure of declaring that the project of this law permits Germans to change their nationality each time that they are forced to do so for economic reasons."

Here is a part of the text of their law dealing with this subject which is a good example of the German mentality: "A German citizen need not lose his nationality if, at his request and before the acquisition of his foreign nationality, he shall have received the written consent of the competent authority." In this is manifest the anarchic spirit of Germany. This text being completely in discord with all the laws of international right, naturalized German colonists can only keep their German nationality by transgressing the laws of the countries which they inhabit and by not making known their equivocal position to the State in which they live.

Thus these Germans lean towards treason and anarchy. As to the German Empire, once more it proves that good faith towards other nations is not its métier, since it does not hesitate to promulgate internal laws which are contrary to international laws. Also it is evident that Germany only acts from her own point of view, and rules her conduct for her own convenience and for her final aim of supremacy over all nations.

The noble aspiration of a strong nation to supremacy in civilizing influence is right and necessary to the progress of the world, but the determination of Germany to impose herself upon other nations by the means of force, cruelty, and contempt for international law, and her tendency to deify everything that is German, show

a lawless and hateful pride, the outcome of which can only retard the civilization of the world.

Of all the South American countries, that which has the greatest number of Germans is Brazil. Their number is estimated at 450,000. The German emigration to Brazil was not at first spontaneous, as it was in North America. In the first half of the nineteenth century Brazil, in order to people her immense vacant territories, made efforts to attract German colonists. The first organization for German colonies was the "Hamburger Kolonisationverein," founded in 1849. The important colony of Blumenau, one of the most prosperous today, was founded in 1850 by a hairdresser whose name it bears. At the present time it consists of 40,000 Germans or sons of Germans. The Minister, Von der Heidt, caused an edict to be passed in 1859 prohibiting in Prussia the propaganda in favor of emigration. This edict was abolished in 1896; nevertheless from 1885 to 1905 the number of German emigrants established in Brazil did not attain to 30,000.

This number is relatively small; however, it should not by any means serve as an argument to those who deny the German danger. The peril, as I have shown with abundant and explicit quotations, arises from the ambitions of the German Government more than from the German colonists, whose numbers are small compared with the 27,000,000 inhabitants of the Brazilian nation.

However, if the Brazilian Government is not more active in the future than it has been in the past in the work of nationalization, this refractory population may form in a few years, by its rapid increase, a State with aspirations for independence. This peril can only be averted by the vigilance of the Brazilian Government.

To allow the Germans to colonize

in great numbers in the South, where the Brazilian population is scarce, and to form groups where the German element predominates, was grave negligence. The evil is not irreparable if energetic steps are taken to mitigate it forthwith.

M. Onésime Réclus has given the following advice to the South Americans, that in each State or municipality those charged with the distribution of land should not establish Polish, German, English, or Irish settlements without at the same time establishing near them French, Spanish, and Brazilian, so that the colonies may not be exclusively formed of one nationality but divided into settlements of different languages; that this law should be strictly observed, and that South America should resist the inevitable flow of Germans and Slavs. This advice, which has not been followed as regards German colonization, must be strictly adhered to in the future. The necessity is clearly shown by the fact that in certain municipalities the proportion of Brazilians is less than 30 or 40 per cent.

In the States of Rio Grande do Sul and Santa Catharina the Germans "dominate the municipalities and enjoy the rights of self-government. They preserve the traditions, language, and prejudices of the Mother Country. In certain colonies of the South the Germans are the predominant race. Their efforts second the territorial ambitions of the Deutschtum." In order to protect the Deutschtum, writes Mr. Tonnelat, "It is essential to preserve the language, the customs, the ways of thinking of the native country and a strict loyalty towards Germany. To strive for the Deutschtum, is it not to wish to implant German nationalism on Brazilian soil?"

This conception has partisans among the colonists of Brazil, and these are

neither least in intelligence or in enterprise. The great merchants who come to the port of Pelotas and São Pedro are often the violent enemies of all that is Brazilian. Moreover, Lutheran pastors come from Germany and stay for some years. They preach the gospel of the divine right of the Emperor and carry on a German national movement. Many among them believe that they are entrusted with a sacred political mission.

There is in Germany an association founded for the purpose of dealing with the teaching of the German language in the States of Southern Brazil. The German Budget allowed a grant of 500,000 Marks for the German schools. At Santa Catharina there are more than twenty schools where they teach only German.

The German influence is propagated and maintained from another side by the Vereine and by local newspapers. In the "Vereine" the members do all in their power to preserve and maintain the memory of the Fatherland. We there find again the ritual of the "Bierkomment." In the towns and in the boroughs there is always a German club of importance.

Some local newspapers edited and managed by Germans have often manifested Pan-Germanist opinions. Sons of Germans born in Brazil are generally indifferent to Pan-Germanism. Their memories of the Fatherland are nearly effaced. They are attached to the soil that they cultivate and that nourishes them, they are happy in enjoying unlimited liberty and in having more hopes of enriching themselves than they would have in Germany. However, they have no sentiment of patriotism for the Brazilian nation, although, notwithstanding the numerical superiority of the Germans in certain districts, the Portuguese language is little by little taking the place of the German.

The most ardent Pan-Germanists are to be found among the combatants of 1870 who form the "Kriegerverein."

Mr. Tonnelat affirms that the worst enemies to assimilation are not the Germans but the Brazilians themselves—and certainly there is much truth in this observation. However, the action of the Central Government, which is the principal instrument of assimilation, finds itself checked by the Federal Constitution, which assigns to the autonomous States all initiative on the question of instruction. In this direction nothing can be done by the Central Government without a partial alteration of the Constitution of February 24, 1891, giving it more power to interfere with public instruction in the States.

The War has at last come to bring to light many deeds which had passed unperceived; for example, innumerable shooting-clubs in the States have been closed because it was proved that they constituted a real military organization destined for future conquest; 80,000 rifles were confiscated by the Government.

In a recent interesting book entitled *Brazil and the Brazilians*, Mr. Bruce gives some of the reasons for Germany's success in South America:

Between thirty and forty years ago [he writes] Great Britain was supplying 50 per cent of Brazilian requirements and the United States and Germany about 6 per cent each. Today, Britain only exceeds the joint contribution of her two rivals because of what Canada, Newfoundland, New Zealand, and India contribute to her quota. . . . Germany's rise from sixth to second place in thirty years back from the present time are other features of this matter. Many reasons might be advanced for Britain losing her former share of Brazil's custom. Prominent amongst these are the following: English business men, even manufacturers, and their agents, who

must depend so largely on them, continue to discourage travelers or outdoor salesmen. These important auxiliaries to every business have for so long been treated as tramps or beggars are treated in England, that the good men who will go out selling are getting scarcer every year. It is proverbial that no matter what good line a man may be out to sell he does not as a rule get a hearing in England, unless he and the firm he represents are well known to the firm to be called on, and he is content to be accorded the reception usually given to a nuisance. Good men have long since got sick of this, they will not engage in a calling that leaves them open to a continual round of snubs and indignities. Therefore they go out and leave it to the individual who must submit to this to live, so that manufacturers have this latter class mainly to recruit from. The conditions make the man. The American or German merchant and manufacturer is found more accessible. He recognizes that he has travelers out himself, and accords to travelers calling on him the facilities he expects for his own men. The English manufacturer and merchant does not, and so exhibits shortsightedness. Americans and Germans have done all they could think of to make the calling of a commercial traveler a dignified and respected occupation, and they have retained the good men, those who have taken pains to equip themselves in every way for their difficult vocation. In foreign countries—I am speaking of the new—it is quite common to find the American and German commercial travelers fluent in two or three languages, and they make a point of acquiring the language of the bulk of their prospective clients, but British houses continue to send out men who can only talk English, and have had only the slenderest experience of traveling, to compete with the proved experts of the other nations. Then, the British manufacturer will not make what the buyer wants, but what he, the manufacturer, thinks he should buy. Take

a case in point—buyers of a figured red cotton kerchief worn by fisher-women and other outside women workers in a certain country had been supplied for years by an English manufacturing house. When that house's traveler called round one year, he was asked if his house could not make the kerchief a little larger, so that a woman wearing it could make a better knot under the chin. The traveler explained the matter to his principals, but they decided to make no alteration in the size, because they had always made them that particular size. A German traveler called on these buyers soon after this decision was communicated to him. Exercising that discretion not left usually to British representatives, he booked all the orders he could get for the size sought. His principals made what was required, and not only took away from the British the entire business in that article, but a good deal of the other cotton lines required by that country. Instances of that kind could be related by the score. Until British manufacturers and merchants show more sense in these matters, Britain will continue to lose her position in these foreign markets.

2. *South American Opinion and the War.*

Since the beginning of the War I have often happened to meet people who believed that the feeling of the South Americans was in sympathy with the Germans, and that because they had vaguely heard of the influence of Germans in South America. The contrary is the truth. It is certain that there are still some Germanophiles in South America, but their numbers, already very small, diminish from day to day. The behavior of the Germans in this War has caused great indignation in all the Republics of South America. This is natural when one thinks that South America is Spanish and Portuguese by origin and tradition, and has become French

by culture. French writers have had a considerable influence at all times. The writers from the "Encyclopédie," Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Condorcet, conveyed political thought to South American politicians. *L'Esprit des Lois* of Montesquieu is, in certain of the American Republics, a species of political Bible. The contemporary French writers are immensely appreciated. Most of the scientific books for the universities and for private circulation come from France. It has been said that Paris is the intellectual capital of South Americans, and that is very true. To the influence of French thought is added the influence of North American politics; the first Constitutions of South America show this double influence. As for England, although less known than France, whose literature and ideas are more easily assimilated, she has in South America great financial and commercial prestige. Everywhere today South Americans practise English sports, English is taught in most of the schools, and more than one Brazilian writer has asked that education should be organized on the principle of English schools, whose principal aim is to make *men*. The English race is admired for its qualities of enterprise and energy, although several traits of English character are not generally understood in South America.

German influence is more recent, but latterly her prestige had much increased. Referring to the United States of America, M. Chéradame has written: "Before the War, for different reasons, the Allied countries were not held in such high esteem in the United States of America as Germany, whose intense commercial and industrial activity had won for her a very great prestige." This could be applied to South America in a certain measure. "However, since the commencement of hostilities, opinion is shown to be

growing against Germany. Peru and Chili avoid more and more the German Empire. In Argentina the pro-Allies movement is also growing rapidly. But it is especially in Brazil, whose southern part is coveted by the Germans, that the evolution of ideas is particularly interesting to trace."

At Rio de Janeiro, since the beginning of hostilities, there has been formed an influential pro-Allies League, organized by the most distinguished literary men in Brazil. This League is particularly active. The opinion of the great majority of the Brazilian nation has found its most vigorous expression in the speech of Senhor Ruy Barbosa, delivered at Buenos Ayres last July.

The importance of this speech is not measured by the strength of the thought expressed but also by the authority of the speaker. Ruy Barbosa is without doubt one of the thinkers whose influence is greatest in South America; he took a considerable part in the elaboration of the Constitution actually in force in Brazil; he brilliantly represented this nation at the Hague Conference; and he is leader of the "Civilista" party. This speech, whose reverberations are already making themselves felt even in North America, is an eloquent protestation against all the crimes committed by the Germans since the declaration of the War.

From the point of view of jurisprudence it contains a fine study of the nature and definition of neutrality and of that which it can and ought to be in the present condition of the world. I can only regret that the English newspapers have been so silent about it, so that in this country everyone is ignorant of what most representative men in South America think about the War.

I spoke at Buenos Ayres [said Ruy Barbosa], not merely in the quality of

jurisconsult, but in that of a member of the Hague Conference, as having the right and duty to protest against the attempts at destruction of International Law.

How are we to reconcile the Hague Convention [said R. Barbosa, in the University of Buenos Ayres] with the violation of neutral territories invaded, occupied, devastated, and annexed? With the use of asphyxiating gas, with liquid fire? With the use of explosive projectiles and poisoned wells? With the abuse of the flag of truce and the Red Cross? With the imposition of exorbitant requisitions and indemnities on invaded regions? With the bombardment of undefended towns and villages? With fire directed against edifices consecrated to worship, art, science, charity, historic monuments, hospitals and infirmaries? With compulsion imposed upon prisoners to take part in military operations against their country, or to serve as living shields to the enemy? With the system of obliging hostages to be answerable for acts to which they are strangers, against which they could do nothing, and for which they could not be responsible? With collective punishment, crushing taxes, forced exodus, implacable extermination of entire populations, under the pretext of deeds for which they were not responsible? With the useless destruction of private property, of suburbs, villages, and entire towns, of establishments devoted to religion, beneficence and teaching, of markets, museums, industrial works, works of art, laboratories of knowledge, as general punishments? With pillage, fire, the expatriation of innocent inhabitants, without consideration of sex, age, condition, or suffering? With the shooting of prisoners and wounded, and the execution in large numbers of non-combatants? With attacks against hospital ships and the scattering of floating mines in the ocean? With the arbitrary extension of the maritime zone of the War, with the destruction of fishing boats, with the torpedoing and sinking of neutral passenger boats.

the sacrifice of their crews and passengers without warning and without succor, by hundreds and thousands?

The English will see by the above quotation that Brazilians do not forget any of the crimes committed by Germany.

On neutrality Senhor R. Barbosa says:

Between those who destroy the law and those who observe it, there is no place for neutrality. Neutrality does not imply impassibility, it means impartiality. There is no impartiality in the case of law and justice. When there exist treaties which define law and justice, to fight for the observance of these treaties is not to violate neutrality, it is to fulfil it. When violence tramples with arrogance upon the written code, to fold your arms is to side with violence. The tribunals of public opinion and conscience are not neutral between law and crime. In the presence of armed insurrection against positive law, neutrality cannot be indifferent, insensible, or silent.

In the hope that the South American Republics will redeem their culpable silence at the violation of Belgium, he says: "The opportunity is not yet passed; the present moment would not be altogether too late for a movement reconciling neutrality and justice."

Doubtless the chief characteristic of this speech is the high sentiment of justice. Senhor Ruy Barbosa places justice above material interest, but he is also convinced that to practise justice constitutes not only the supreme duty but the supreme interest of mankind. He affirms that God punishes nations who sin against justice and recompenses inevitably those who conform with it. This is the sentiment of most Brazilians.

In a conference at Rio de Janeiro, R. Barbosa declared that the United States had given a fatal blow to their glory and to their destiny in abstain-

ing from protesting against the invasion of Belgium and the methodical and radical laceration of the Hague Convention.

They have lost an unique opportunity [he proceeds] of securing the first rank among nations and of being arbiters for the restoration of peace. We shall regret one day having given to the word "neutrality" such an absurd interpretation. The smallest State could give the example. It was not the want of being great, like the United States, that prevented us taking such an initiative. Brazil should have been able to take it without presumption or risk. I should like to

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see our well-loved country assume this honor, which has been declined by other stronger Governments.

After defending the action of Belgium, France, and England, "the most proved friends of Brazil," he then turns towards the delegates of the Senate and concludes: "Tomorrow, gentlemen, I think you will say to the members of the august Assembly, at the National Congress, that the neutrality which we here deplore today is a compact with crime and a desertion of duty."

These words may fitly close my article.

Edgardo de Magalhaes.

THE WAR AND RELIGION.

To estimate the influence of the War on the varying currents of religious life and thought in Great Britain is exceedingly difficult. To distinguish permanent from temporary effects is still more difficult. In this realm of opinion, as in others, conversion to new views is less obvious than the confirmation of previous prejudices. As one soldier put it, "Men are not different from what they were before: they are the same, only more so." The War has come to many as the crowning proof of preconceived ideas. The religious conservative sees in Germany's action a revelation of the great apostacy of the higher criticism. The liberal retorts by observing that the most convinced advocates of the War in every country are the strictly orthodox. In truth neither the radical nor the reactionary in theology is proof against war-fever. But whether it issues in a change of beliefs or merely in a strengthening of beliefs already accepted, the War has created a ferment in the world of religion, and is compelling men to think intensely on

the ultimate problems to which religion is expected to give an answer.

The revival of interest in religion has not so far issued in a revival of positive religious faith. The first broad effect of the War has been to stimulate criticism of the churches and to raise doubts as to the truth of Christianity itself. "The failure of the Churches," "the failure of Christianity," are phrases in constant use at the present time. Surely professing Christians ought to have done more. They ought to have been able to prevent this War. A widespread popular sentiment harps on the degradation of Europe in coming to this pass after 2,000 years of Christianity. The responsibility for the failure is laid at the doors of the churches. In some quarters this means despair of organized Christianity. The complicity of the churches with the existing social order precludes any hope for their future. The church is indeed the captive city of God, and not a few doubt the possibility of her recovery.

The critical process initiated by the

War is by no means confined to dissatisfaction with the churches. Observers at the front report that soldiers feel themselves to be in the grip of an evil fate whose very existence contradicts the Christian's faith in a God of love. The problem of evil is accentuated. How can God be good when He permits such a catastrophe to overtake mankind and inflict untold suffering on the innocent? The fundamental article of the Christian creed is thus called in question, and relegated to the land of dreams. The challenge to the Christian ethic is not less difficult to meet. That participation in war is incompatible with Christian practice is a view held by many who are far from being Christians. Accepting the Pacifist interpretation of Christianity, they insist that Christians who try to reconcile war with their faith are at least inconsistent, if not hypocrites. This point is forcibly urged by Mr. Bernard Shaw in the appendix to "Androcles and the Lion." But beyond coming to the conclusion that we are not Christians, and should frankly recognize the fact, many go on to assert that we cannot be Christians. The Quaker, they say, has interpreted Christ aright, and thereby shown Him to be an impossible moral guide for the modern world. Alike in its view of God and in its ideal of human character and conduct, Christianity is mistaken and must be replaced by a sterner and more scientific faith.

Without attempting to estimate the strength of such currents of thought, we may turn to consider the response which the churches are making to the crisis. We can only note in passing the magnificent work of the Y.M.C.A. The movement has risen to an opportunity, and in so doing has shown a power of adaptation, a capacity for co-operation, and a catholic spirit, which in the popular judgment were

not usually associated with it before the War. The special demands of war work have drawn heavily on the personnel of the ministry of the churches. Chaplaincies have claimed many of the regular clergy and ministers. In connection with the Y.M.C.A. huts, preachers, and pastors of all denominations are giving their services for short periods, usually for three months at a time. Hospital work absorbs much of the time of those who remain at home. Recruiting for the ministry has almost lapsed. Among the Wesleyans, only one theological college is being kept open. Probably the remaining theological colleges of the country do not muster half their average number of students of previous years. The men have gone into the army or into Y.M.C.A. work, or into the actual work of the ministry with their training incomplete.

In any account of war work undertaken by the churches, some reference should be made to the activities of the Society of Friends. Precluded by their principles from taking a direct part in war, many members of the Society have sought outlets for their sympathies in organizations designed to meet some of the less conspicuous, but not less genuine, needs created by the War. The patriotism and humanitarianism of some have found expression in the work of the Friends' Ambulance Unit, which co-operates with the Red Cross Society. Desire to relieve the suffering of civilians, especially among our Allies, led to the founding of the Friends' War Victims' Relief Society, which is at work in France and Russia, as well as among the Belgians in Holland. The Friends' Emergency Committee was formed to relieve distress among enemy aliens in this country, and may be described as the least popular but certainly not the least Christian of the lines of service which are being rendered to the

nation by the churches at the present time. Since the passing of the Military Service Acts, the Society has been more directly concerned with the maintenance of its Peace-testimony.

No doubt the churches stand to gain through the special effort which is now being required of them. The ministry is being brought more closely into touch with actual religious needs. To some extent ecclesiastical stiffness is being rubbed off. The breadth of mind and the sense of actuality induced by the experiences of a chaplain with the forces are well illustrated in the papers contributed to *The Spectator* by the late Donald Hankey, "A Student in Arms," and there are other books called forth by the War which show something of the same qualities. But in the meantime the churches are understaffed. There is a prospect of a shortage of ministers as of doctors. The churches at home are often hard put to it to keep things going. Sunday-school work, especially on the boys' side, suffers from lack of workers. Indeed, all the activities of the churches are crippled not only by enlistment, but also by perpetual overtime and the strain of daily business. The problem of finance is an additional embarrassment in many instances. Yet the spirit of the churches is not failing. Subscriptions to the missionary societies have been well maintained, and there is no decline in the numbers of women candidates for the foreign field. Moreover the churches are finding time and energy to give to self-preparation for the future. The stress of the present time has brought to light many defects in the life and work of the churches. Each church is beginning to set its house in order. Thus in the Church of England the War has in some ways enhanced the interest taken in the report of the Archbishops' committee on Church and State. The need for securing some

measure of self-government for the Church is more keenly felt than ever. In the face of modern conditions, the Church requires greater freedom of movement, more elasticity in modes of worship and organization, fuller scope for the energies of laymen. These ends are sought through a revision of the terms of establishment. The reforms adumbrated by the committee primarily affect the government and constitution of the Church. The National Mission is concerned with its life and spirit. It may be construed in part as an attempt to examine sincerely the criticisms leveled against the Church. It is certainly intended to bring into review the whole life of the Church; to challenge whatever is unreal, to reject whatever is unchristian in traditional attitudes of mind, however deeply rooted these may be; and to endeavor to raise the standard of Christian responsibility, especially in relation to social problems. The Church of England should then be enabled to face the tasks of the future with a larger proportion of living members who have a clear conception of her doctrine and her mission.

Among the Free Churches, the War has given a stimulus to the movement for closer unity. The leading denominations, associated already in the National Free Church Council, are busy with schemes of co-operation and inter-communion, which may yet issue in a kind of federation. On the negative side, the War has emphasized the fact that denominationalism no longer appeals. Men are not interested in the questions that divide the Connectionalist from the Independent. Theories of church government have lost their savor. The shrinking significance of denominational labels and the recognized evils of sectarian rivalry and overlapping were factors making for Free Church reunion before the

War. Even greater weight attaches to them now.

But behind these movements in the Church of England and among the Free Churches may be felt the longing for a more truly Catholic interpretation of Christianity. There is some sense of shame at the divisions of Christendom which have rendered Christians incapable of forming a common judgment or of taking united action in the face of a world-crisis. The most impressive arguments in favor of Free Church unity cannot be satisfied by the creation of a United Free Church of England because they embody an impulse that seeks a reunion of Christendom. It may be that some will turn to the Roman Church, as giving them an immediately effective international fellowship. But in all probability more significance will attach to movements like the World Alliance of Churches, which aims at associating existing churches so that they may learn to co-operate for agreed ideals. The relations of Church and State call for reconsideration, and subordination of the church to national States is bound to be repudiated. Of course, the possible corruption of the Church by its connection with the State seems to Englishmen peculiarly obvious and actual in the case of Germany; but they cannot help suspecting that the position of the churches in their own country is not free from danger, and that a merely national church can scarcely be a fully Christian church. There must follow some attempt at a more effective international organization of Christianity.

The raising of the sceptical questions, Can we believe in a God of love? Can we still be Christians? will no doubt be met by a vigorous apologetic. Some will take refuge in the principle of authority and seek to recover their faith in the shelter of the Church of Rome. Others will

modify their creed, and surrender belief in God's omnipotence. Many will be attracted to the shrine of the imperfect or struggling God—the conception set forth in Mr. Wells's latest novel, and embodied in the life-force in which Mr. Bernard Shaw believes. But it may be hoped that an effective re-affirmation of the Christian faith will come in some fresh achievement due to its inspiration. The only adequate answer to the sceptical question is a deed inspired by the faith that is challenged. Whether or not the Church as such may take action in the political or industrial sphere, her pressure on the conscience of her members must issue in corporate and individual action towards the creation of a better world. In connection with social problems, the War has registered a considerable advance in moral sensitiveness. There is more widespread knowledge of actual conditions. Many church-members know at first hand the moral problems of factory life, for example—problems of whose existence they were hardly aware in the period before the War. Concrete evils and definite methods of reform are becoming familiar. Beyond this, the War is leading men to question the moral validity of the whole industrial and social order as never before. Whether or no war is the outcome of capitalism, there is clearly some close connection between the worship of Mammon and the worship of Mars. Consequently one outcome of the War is a renewed interest in the problem of Christianity and business. There is a growing consciousness of something wrong with competitive industry and with the conflict of capital and labor. It is also of importance that the War has familiarized the public with great and rapid changes. The spur of necessity has quickened the power of adaptation latent in average humanity. There is

less justification for limiting or postponing ideals. The Church is preparing to make larger demands from men in the realm of social and international reconstruction.

The emphasis on the need of renewed practical effort in the service of ideals may in part account for the marked revival of interest in the subject of prayer. One of the most notable of recent contributions to religious literature is a composite volume "Concerning Prayer." The nature and possibilities of prayer are being examined with extraordinary thoroughness. The interest aroused is not merely theoretical. It will tell on the practice and life of the churches.

Of the great themes of religious thought, two have been thrust into special prominence by the War. They are the problem of vicarious suffering and the hope of personal immortality. We cannot escape the questions, Why do the innocent suffer? and If a man die, shall he live again? The fact of vicarious suffering is writ large in war. Men fasten on differing elements in the situation, but come back to what is essentially the same issue. Some are obsessed with the thought of the responsibility of a small group of diplomats. They see the common people sacrificed without intelligent consent to the prejudices and pride of privileged cliques, and reflect bitterly that the men most responsible are the men least likely to suffer. Why should not "those who make the quarrels be the only ones to fight?" Others, with perhaps a juster apportionment of blame, regard the whole generation, peoples and rulers alike, as sharing the guilt, and then are staggered by realizing that youth pays the penalty for the faults of the middle-aged and the old. The fathers have erred, and the children are sacrificed to Moloch. And though sustained by the belief that they send their sons to fight in a

just cause, the older generation are still disquieted by the fact that their pledges of honor are vicariously redeemed. Old men create the obligation, and young men fulfil it at the cost of life. Yet again, on a wider survey, we become aware that the whole blame for the War does not rest even on the present generation. We harvest the fruit of the ill-starred successes of a Bismarck and a Disraeli, or more vaguely we are chained by a fate whose links our ancestors forged. Of us and of our children is required the expiation of the sins of those who have gone before. We are confronted by the deadly entail of calamity. Apart altogether from considerations of this kind, the unequal distribution of suffering in war-time is reflected in our relief funds. The immunity of England contrasts with the desolation of Belgium and Northern France. Nor is the problem confined to the sacrifice of the soldier. It is no less apparent in the hardships of non-combatants. In the internment camps as in the trenches there is the same intolerable problem, as it seems, of unmerited suffering. Wherever one looks the same fact stares one in the face.

This problem produces, as we have seen, moods of resentment and doubt. But it also sets men pondering on the mystery of atonement. Is there some strange law of life by which the innocent suffer for the guilty? Can a purpose and a hope be traced through it all? Eagerly, and sometimes perhaps too easily, the sacrifice of the soldier has been associated with the Cross of Christ, usually along the line of the passage, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." But this does not really carry thought beyond Thermopylae. Did not even the Spartans the same? There is a closer kinship with Calvary in the fact that the young and comparatively

guiltless bear the consequences of the failure of the more mature and more responsible. Some such line of thought has been forcibly presented by Professor Gilbert Murray and Professor J. H. Muirhead in a volume of addresses on "Ethical and Religious Problems of the War." It may safely be asserted that concentration on this aspect of the War will contribute much to the healing of the nations.

Vicarious suffering raises the question of justice in human life. It suffices in itself to direct attention to another world. "God is not unjust; but He neither rewards nor fines us in the currency of this world." Thus the interest in the hope of immortality is in part sustained by reflection on the problems of vicarious suffering. But the loss of so many young men forces the inquiry about a future life into public attention. The inquiry is many-sided. There is, to begin with, a revival of interest in the methods of psychical research, and spiritualism, and already one notable book has appeared on this subject from the pen of Sir Oliver Lodge. The scientific and religious values of such consolations are not easily determined, and it is not clear what effect a further appeal to spiritualism will have on orthodox Christianity.

In another direction, the experiences of war-time are making a breach in the old Protestant doctrine of the last things. The Protestant used to be content with heaven and hell, but he now finds he needs something like purgatory, and there are some signs of a return to the use of prayers for the dead. The cause of such a change is simple. No one is willing to believe that a man who dies for his country is eternally lost. Yet it is not easy to believe that soldiers pass at once into heaven in virtue of their self-sacrifice. Such a belief seems more Mohammedan than Christian, and there is some

doubt whether all soldiers pass from earth in a state of salvation. Consequently it seems that the conception of that other world needs to be completed by the restoration of the idea of purgatory. But more important than any modifications in tentative conceptions of another life or than any growth of interest in psychical research is the re-examination and restatement of the basis of the hope of immortality in the Christian faith. One of the most valuable of recent additions to the literature of the subject is the essay on personal immortality by Professor A. E. Taylor, included in the volume entitled "The Faith and the War." In general we may conjecture that the War will tend to strengthen the other-worldly note in Christian teaching.

The acutest controversy raised by the War among Christians undoubtedly turns on the truth or falsehood of Pacifism. The most immediate, though probably not the most permanent, effect of the struggle in Christian circles has been a changed valuation of Tolstoy. Before the War he was regarded as something of a prophet, now he is held to be a dangerous fanatic. The Pacifist's appeal to the Sermon on the Mount is discounted in various ways. The stress laid before the War on the eschatological element in the gospels leads some to treat the Sermon on the Mount as an interim-ethic, applicable to one set of conditions, but obsolete under present circumstances. Others, who retain their faith in the ideals of the Sermon on the Mount, declare the Christian is forced to put up with an interim-ethic of his own, and content himself with a second best in conduct, since Pacifism is impracticable. Yet a third line of interpretation suggests that the ethical teachings of Jesus are but a partial expression of His spirit, and must prove an inadequate guide if taken literally and regarded as a

series of universal rules. Perhaps the most scathing and effective criticism of the Pacifist position is that contained in Dr. Forsyth's book "The Christian Ethic of War." But the controversy is not over, and it is noteworthy that among the younger ministers, especially of the Free Churches, not a few have felt compelled to adopt a Pacifist attitude.

After all, the most important effect of the War on religion is the least calculable. Though there is no con-

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ventional revival at the front or elsewhere, there is an almost universal chastening of spirit, and some have found a new faith in facing a great moral crisis. Such men are to be found in the camps and in the trenches, and also among the despised conscientious objectors. From this minority will come the prophets of a new era. What they will make of the churches and of society we cannot tell, but the future lies in their hands.

H. G. Wood.

TWO'S TWO.

BY J. STORER CLOUSTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE LOCKED STUDY DOOR.

Sutherbury Park was officially described in the local guide as one of the most eligible country seats in that part of England, and by a happy coincidence its owner enjoyed exactly the same reputation. Sir Wyverne War-rington-Browne was in fact, a baronet and a bachelor, with an ample income and not a stain on his character. His age was that delightful decade which rewards those who have survived forty, the decade when everything is still permitted in moderation, and the zeal for excess has passed. His appearance was equally satisfactory; hair so fair that an odd gray strand was never noticed, a shapely mustache, agreeable features with a benign expression, and the exact degree of portliness becoming to a gentleman of position with scientific tastes and political aspirations.

After completing the usual strenuous curriculum provided by the public schools and universities of his native land, favoring the countries of less fortunate people, and giving London the benefit of his presence for a number of years, he had succeeded to his baronetcy and proceeded to gratify

the county, and still more the adjacent town of Sutherbury, by coming to live in his ancestral home.

This was some years before the remarkable series of events with which these annals are concerned, and in the meantime he had firmly established his reputation as a model magnate. In his youth, like all opulent and robust young men, he had been the hero of several romantic anecdotes, but except for a certain gracious gallantry of manner, there was now no hint of anything but the most circumspect austerity. His aged mother pronounced him a dutiful son, his acquaintances a charming neighbor, and his tradesmen an ideal customer.

Amidst general acclamations he was chosen as Conservative candidate for the division, and though the severest scrutiny of which the Liberal party is capable was instantly directed on his past, present, and probable future, even this unscrupulous organization could only accuse him of having engaged a secretary who ought either to have been of another sex or else a trifle less picturesque. But when it was discovered that she had been educated at Girton, all doubts were of course instantly removed.

When it is added that the baronet's

innocent hobbies were social reform and scientific research, and that his domestic arrangements were presided over by his mother, a lady who from her early youth had been renowned for evangelical principles and adamant virtue, it will seem almost incredible that events of a disturbing and mysterious nature should occur in such a household. But the waywardness—indeed, one may almost say, the irreverence—of Fate is quite extraordinary.

It was in that pleasant season when gardeners have begun to sweep up brown leaves, and comfortable fires to blaze again, that the Dowager Lady Warrington-Browne prepared one afternoon to set out on her daily drive. She came down to the hall, and there, warming his back before a noble fire and gazing thoughtfully up at the timbered roof, stood her son.

"Mother," he said in a serious voice.

His mother enjoyed seriousness, and thought it became a Baronet particularly well.

"Yes, Wyverne?" said she with equal gravity.

"I have been thinking over my defects."

"As a Christian no doubt you are quite right," replied his mother, "but it is a habit you must get out of if you are going to be a public man."

"But supposing I saw an opportunity of effecting a great improvement in myself, I think I should be justified in risking something—"

"Wyverne!" said his mother with considerable severity, "I cannot stand these moral wobbles. They are the result of your scientific studies. Science is demoralizing to a gentleman and fatal to a politician. What you need is definite opinions—and not too many of those; just one for each bill."

"Believe me, my dear mother," said the Baronet with dignity, "I have quite as high an ideal of a legislator as

you. It is my ambition to do credit to my name and my constituency."

"Quite so. Well, read the *Spectator* and take plenty of exercise," advised his mother. "Have you anything else to say to me?"

For a moment he seemed to hesitate. Then, as if he were taking his resolution very firmly by the collar, he answered—

"If you could only understand, mother, that even scientific research may have a moral basis—"

"Research invariably leads to regrettable disclosures," pronounced his mother. "Look at *John Bull!*"

Sir Wyverne shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," said he, "in that case I can only wish you a very pleasant drive. Wrap yourself up well."

With his suavest smile he saw the old lady enter her car and drive away. Then the smile died from his face and he walked very thoughtfully to his study.

That was at 2.45 P.M., as the butler who closed the front door afterwards testified.

At four o'clock Lady Warrington-Browne returned, and at four-thirty sat in the drawing-room pouring herself out a cup of tea. She looked from the windows over a garden of regular beds and formal evergreens on to a glimpse of well-ordered parkland, with stately trees all shades of green and yellow and bronze. The Dowager was of a calm and exceedingly orderly disposition. She was satisfied with all she saw, but there was something that she missed. Everything was in its place, except her son. He always took tea with her, and was most particular never to be late. She rang and the butler entered.

"Please inform Sir Wyverne that tea has already been infused for several minutes," she commanded.

The butler went out and returned in a few moments with a curious expression.

"The study door is locked, your ladyship," he announced.

"Didn't you knock?"

"Yes, my lady, but I couldn't get no answer."

"Did you knock again?"

"I knocked several times."

For one instant a shade of emotion appeared on the Dowager's calm countenance.

"Miss Demayne isn't with him, I trust!"

"No, my lady, she went into the town more than an hour ago and isn't back yet."

Lady Warrington-Browne became entirely calm again.

"Sir Wyverne sent her, I presume?"

"I understand so, my lady."

"You are quite certain the door is locked?"

"Positive." The butler's manner became suddenly confidential. "There's another curious thing, your ladyship. Sir Wyverne has 'ad a visitor—a young gentleman. He passed me in going out."

"Well?" inquired her ladyship.

"He never came in by the front door, and Sir Wyverne hasn't been out, not all this afternoon!"

"Was it no one you know?"

"Never seen him before, my lady, that I'll swear to. He isn't one you'd forget."

"Oh!" said the Dowager. "Young men are generally much alike. What was peculiar about this one?"

"Such twinkling eyes, so to speak, your ladyship, and such a pleasant expression of his face! A most uncommon nice-looking young gentleman, and most affable in his conversation!"

"Then he spoke to you?"

"Yes, my lady. 'Horrocks,' he said—knowing evidently my name—'I bet you don't know me.' 'No, sir,' says I, 'I do not.' 'Mr. Archibald Fitz-Wyverne I am,' says he, 'and the girls call me Archie, and I'm Sir Wyverne's

third cousin twice removed,' says he."

"Good gracious!" cried the perturbed Dowager, "what did he mean by that?"

"He didn't explain, my lady, but just winked, so to speak, and off he goes."

"And this person had been visiting my son!"

"Evidently, my lady."

"A third cousin? Fitz-Wyverne?" reflected her ladyship. "Wyverne was certainly a name in my husband's family, but I never heard of any Fitz-Wyvernes. I do not believe this person told the truth, Horrocks!"

"Well, your ladyship, that reflection, as it were, occurred to me likewise, but he was a most pleasant young gentleman, for all his manners was a little free—quite the gentleman and no mistaking him."

"H'm," said Lady Warrington-Browne.

She recovered her outward calmness, but inwardly the equanimity which had never been disturbed for over seventy years began to be shaken.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISSING BARONET.

Some time before dinner the dowager apparently obtained some information of her missing son. She informed the butler that Sir Wyverne was not at home but would return later in the evening, and that the locked study was satisfactorily accounted for. A little before seven o'clock Miss Joyce Demayne returned, and at 7.45 the two ladies sat down to dinner.

The baronet's secretary was twenty-eight, dark-haired, of the most perfect figure, and with that clear pale complexion and serene mouth which go so well with the elevated type of womanhood. It is true that her nose turned up very slightly at the end, that her eyes were decidedly brighter, and the

serenity of her lips more easily impaired by a smile than the usual elevated lady's, and that after she had been irrevocably engaged a belated opinion from a tolerably trustworthy source pronounced Miss Demayne a trifle wilful; but where has absolute perfection ever been found?

Lady Warrington-Browne had heard of her through a friend whose judgments were usually infallible. She was described as exceedingly well connected, refined, amiable, and accomplished; educated at Girton, where she had taken an excellent degree; well versed in current politics; and an anti-suffragette on intellectual grounds: a lady admirably qualified to be both a companion for herself and a secretary for her son. And with such a character, what mother would not have felt secure?

When this paragon appeared in person and was immediately described by the Baronet (though in the most ingenuous way possible) as one of the handsomest women he had ever met, the Dowager felt her first qualm. As she herself had urged her appointment with all the strength of her very resolute character, and as she never on principle admitted that she was wrong, criticism was unfortunately impossible, but several more qualms had followed. On the other hand, she had instilled into her son the highest principles, and she was pleased to note that ever since he became a politician he had shown an increasing deference for public opinion; while as for the young lady herself, nothing could have been more correct than her deportment. On the whole, the Dowager remained optimistic but alert.

Miss Demayne seemed surprised at the Baronet's absence.

"He never told me he would be away," she said.

"Does Sir Wyverne confide all his

movements to you?" inquired the Dowager in a singularly searching voice.

Miss Demayne looked a trifle startled. There was a gleam of animosity in the old lady's eye she had never seen before.

"Oh no," she said, "but he doesn't usually bewilder me like this."

She laughed, but the Dowager remained stern.

"May I inquire how he has 'bewildered' you?"

"In the first place, he asked me to do some messages for him in the town which all turned out to be quite unnecessary, and then as soon as I go he disappears!"

"Humph," said the Dowager ambiguously.

Miss Demayne remained quite good-humored.

"Then he did confide his secret to you?" she smiled.

"Not personally."

"You mean he left a note?"

"No, I do not mean he left a note," said the Dowager, so formidably that Miss Demayne pursued the subject no further.

After dinner there seemed so little demand for her society that she said she would have a turn on the terrace in the moonlight, and the Dowager saw her no more till after ten o'clock. Then she came into the drawing-room with a certain brightness in her eye, as though she had lately enjoyed some not unpleasant experience.

"I have just had a curious encounter," she said.

"You don't mean that any of the deer have got into the garden!" exclaimed the Dowager.

"I met Mr. Archibald Fitz-Wyverne," she explained.

The Dowager looked a trifle startled.

"That young man again!" she cried; "who on earth is he?"

Miss Demayne in turn seemed taken aback.

"He said he knew you well!"

"I never met him in my life!"

The two ladies looked at one another.

"Oh, but surely—" began the younger.

"I tell you I never did! He deliberately lied," cried the Dowager.

Miss Demayne bit her lip and wished the old lady goodnight. As she opened the door, the Dowager demanded—

"Where did you meet him?"

"On the terrace."

"How did he come to be there?"

"I really didn't ask him. When he told me he was a relation of Sir Wyverne, I—well, I simply took everything for granted."

"He persists then that he is a relation!"

"A second cousin, he said."

"Second cousin!" cried the Dowager. "He is coming nearer and nearer!"

Shortly after Miss Demayne had gone, Horrocks entered with the report that Sir Wyverne had not yet returned. Coming immediately on the top of the secretary's curious story, this news considerably disconcerted the Dowager, especially as Horrocks declared positively that Mr. Fitz-Wyverne had once more made his appearance without troubling to ring the front-door bell. She still persisted, however, that she had positive assurance that Sir Wyverne would return that night, and professed herself confident of seeing him at breakfast and getting a thoroughly satisfactory account of everything that had happened; and with that she went stout-heartedly to bed.

At breakfast, however, there was no sign of the lost Baronet. He had not slept in his room, and there was no message or letter from him. And then came a very startling discovery. With a decidedly pale face Horrocks informed her ladyship—

"The end room and the blue room in

the bachelors' wing has been slept in, my lady!"

"Last night?" cried her ladyship.

"The maids found 'em slept in in the morning, and told me, and I've seen 'em for myself, my lady! And some one's been in the pantry, what's more!"

"You mean we've had burglars?"

"Well, your ladyship, the odd thing is that I can't manage to miss nothing at all."

The Dowager looked at him fixedly.

"I don't believe a word of it," she announced, and forthwith set out to examine the rooms in the bachelors' wing.

In accordance with her immutable principles, she gave no indication that she had changed her opinion when she saw the beds: but there they were—slept in, beyond a doubt.

"It is extraordinary how servants make a fuss about nothing at all," she informed Miss Demayne, and set resolutely about her knitting as usual.

Half an hour later her firmness at last succumbed. Looking as perturbed as Horrocks, Miss Demayne came into her morning-room.

"There is some one in the study!" she said.

"You mean—not Sir Wyverne?"

"It can't be. The door is still locked, and yet I heard voices! When I tried the handle they stopped suddenly, and then I heard them whispering!"

Though thoroughly alarmed by now, the Dowager gave her orders capably and promptly.

"Go at once to Major Peckenharn and bring him here! Tell Horrocks and James to get guns and stay in this room with me till he comes. Make haste!"

Joyce Demayne sped off, and behind the locked door of the morning-room Lady Warrington-Browne and her garrison waited.

CHAPTER III.

THE STUDY DOOR OPENS.

From his early youth, Sir Wyverne Warrington-Browne and Major Maurice Peckenham had been constant and devoted friends. At first Maurice was a few years the elder, which at a preparatory school gave him an almost godlike glamor in Wyverne's eyes. He still, presumably, retained his lead in years, but by the time Wyverne was a Baronet with a five-figure income, and Maurice had retired from the army with his majority, a corresponding pension, and private means to the extent of fifty pounds per annum, the glamor had, so to speak, crossed over.

In a happy hour for the Major, the Baronet permitted his friends to turn his eyes towards Westminster, and at once discovered that the first requisite was a capable local agent. Out of his own pocket he endowed the post with a salary of five hundred pounds a year, and Major Peckenham took up his residence in an exceedingly comfortable little house near the foot of the High Street in Sutherbury. It was the old part of the town and the house was oak-panelled, with a long strip of garden running down to the river, and excellent cellar accommodation; while first-rate shooting on all the neighboring estates and a comfortable two-seater added still further to the amenities of the situation.

When Miss Joyee Demayne appeared on that momentous morning, she found Major Peckenham studying a file of daily papers from which he was extracting items of political importance. He was a well-set-up and well-groomed gentleman, with a black mustache beginning to grizzle, an alert eye, and the most correct views on all departments of life. As a Liberal agent, people said that this extreme correctness might have been a trifle disad-

vantageous, but as a Conservative agent he was allowed to be ideal.

He welcomed Miss Demayne with the most appreciative smile; but when he heard her news, his gravity became extreme.

"This must not be allowed to get about in the constituency!" he said.

"Yes; but first of all we must find out what it means!" she cried.

"Mum is the word, whatever it means," he replied impressively. "Our opponents are capable of putting the worst construction on anything."

In a few minutes he had brought his two-seater to the door, and in a few more they were at Sutherbury Park.

At the sight of the gallant Major, Lady Warrington-Browne made no pretence at all of concealing her relief. She dismissed her garrison, placing them, however, in a good strategic position in the hall, told Miss Demayne to remain under their protection, and asked the Major to close the door.

"Before you go up to the study," said she, "I want to know what you've heard already."

"Only what Miss Demayne has told me. Thank Heaven, nothing has got about the town yet!"

"Did she tell you pretty fully what she knows?"

"Very fully—except perhaps about her conversation with this fellow Fitz-Wyverne."

"Ah!" said the Dowager significantly, "she is sure to be concealing something!"

The Major looked surprised. Like the Dowager, he had begun by considering Sir Wyverne's secretary a paragon, and he had remained of this opinion.

"Really?" said he.

She wagged her head exceedingly knowingly.

"There is something I haven't mentioned yet," she said. "I was sitting in the drawing-room between tea and

dinner yesterday when a strange gentleman walked in.

"Walked in! You mean he wasn't announced?"

"Oh, he explained that quite satisfactorily. He said Wyverne had asked him to look in and explain that he was unavoidably detained, and would not return before night. I was not to be alarmed, he said, because he would certainly arrive before bedtime. Wyverne had told him not to ring the bell, but just to slip in and tell me this quietly."

"Good Lord, what a rum arrangement!" exclaimed the Major.

"Ah, if you had seen the gentleman, Major! He was the most discreet and impressive person. He told me some other very interesting facts too."

"What kind of facts?"

The Dowager closed her mouth firmly. Then she merely observed—"They were worth remembering."

At this moment Horrocks rushed in.

"Please your ladyship," he cried, "Miss Demayne and me has been up to the study door again, and there's a smell coming through the keyhole!"

"What kind of a smell?" demanded the Major, starting for the door.

"Miss Demayne thinks it's chemicals like Sir Wyverne sometimes works with." The butler lowered his voice, "But I think it's a more serious odor than that!"

The Major arranged the order of advance with the greatest precision. It was designed so that any shocking discovery should be disclosed first of all to discreet eyes, and, if possible, to no others. First came himself, then at a considerable interval Miss Demayne, and behind her the armed forces, with orders to change positions with her rapidly in case of any actual disturbance of the peace. The Dowager was posted in the hall attended by her maid and the housekeeper.

Motioning the rest of the column to halt a little distance back, Major

Peckham tiptoed to the study door and listened breathlessly.

Unquestionably there was a subdued murmur as of hushed voices. Then he first sniffed the keyhole and afterwards carefully applied his eye to it. What he saw seemed to agitate him, and he threw a glance back at his main forces as if to see that they were ready for an emergency. And then he knocked firmly and loudly.

There was dead silence within.

"Open the door!" he demanded sternly.

Again there was utter silence.

"If you don't open the door at once I shall kick it in!" he announced.

This time he distinctly heard a murmur, and a moment later a kind of gasp; but there was no answer to his summons.

Turning his back to the door, the Major gave it a preliminary kick, not violent enough to do damage, but firm enough to indicate that an athletic gentleman was conducting the operation.

A voice that made him start replied—

"All right, I'll open it!"

The key clicked, the door opened, and there stood—Sir Wyverne Warrington-Browne. Behind him in the long book-lined study was a faint odor of chemicals, but not a sign of another living being.

"Wyverne!" he gasped. "You?"

"My dear Maurice," said the Baronet, smiling (though it seemed rather a strained smile), "who on earth did you expect to find in my study but me?"

The Major looked at his old friend steadily. Unquestionably the Baronet was not feeling quite at his ease. Then he turned and hailed Miss Demayne.

"It's all right," he said. "You needn't any of you wait any longer. Tell Lady Warrington-Browne that

it was only Sir Wyverne himself. He was—er—busy with some scientific experiments."

Considerably surprised, the expeditionary force retired, and the Major entered the study and closed the door.

"Look here, Wyverne, old fellow, what's all this about?" he asked.

"All what?" said Sir Wyverne in his blandest voice.

"Immediately before I knocked I looked through the keyhole, and there was somebody else in the room with you!"

The Baronet was visibly disturbed.

"Somebody else? Are you sure? Did you—er—see him clearly?"

"I got a glimpse of his back."

"Ah, that would only be me!"

"Wyverne, old chap, I've known you for getting on for forty years—both views of you—and it wasn't you!"

"Very odd!" said the Baronet, falling into a chair and assuming a wondering expression.

At that moment the Major's eye fell on something on the floor. It seemed to project a few inches from the couch, as though the rest were underneath. Apparently it was made of black-and-white checked cloth. He said not a word, and curbed even the gleam in his eye. Laying his hand on his old friend's shoulder, he spoke very seriously but quite calmly.

"Remember, my dear fellow, you're Blackwood's Magazine.

(*To be continued.*)

a public man now, and we can't afford to have queer stories going about. You can trust me implicitly."

Sir Wyverne jumped up and shook his hand.

"I promise you, Maurice, I'll come and tell you the whole yarn in a day or two; but I must have time to think things over first."

The Major nodded.

"Very well, I suppose we'll have to leave it at that, if you say so. But what am I to say meanwhile?"

"What you just said to Miss Demayne."

"But that doesn't cover all these funny goings on, not by a long way."

"Dash it," said the Baronet a little irritably, "it's your business to explain things away."

"My dear Wyverne," said his agent gravely, "you must really get the hang of things better than that. It's your function—the function of a statesman—to explain things away. My business is to diffuse an atmosphere of optimism."

"Well then, diffuse one."

"You've made it damned difficult," replied the Major gloomily. "Even saying you were doing scientific experiments doesn't sound quite a serious enough occupation."

As he went out he glanced again at the thing on the floor. Apparently it had not moved an inch.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY: THE GREY EPOCH.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

When Viscount Grey left the Foreign Office early in December, he had been continuously at its head for almost exactly eleven years. In point of length such a period of control is almost a record; but the epoch which it constitutes was even more eventful than

long. It witnessed a transformation in British foreign policy. It witnessed a similar transformation in the alignment of the Great Powers. The gradually unfolding purpose of German aggression, as it revealed itself to one after another of the world's Foreign

Offices, was the prime agent of these mighty changes. But so far as there was on the side of the threatened Powers any outstanding human agent, so far as any one man by his prescience, his tenacity, his moderation, and his proved loyalty provided a nucleus and a meeting-point for the mutual confidences which could alone sustain a defensive coalition, that man was Viscount Gray. Before the war he was the main architect of the ententes. Since the war, it was he above all whose patient labors established the great War Alliance. The Germans, who have always treated him as the most formidable opponent of their diplomacy in Europe, have not been far wrong on this point.

When he took office, we were separated by only a few years from the diplomacy of Lord Salisbury, which was pro-Austrian, pro-German, anti-Russian, and anti-French. This diplomacy had enjoyed the strong support of popular sentiment. As voiced by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the support was sometimes embarrassingly emphatic. Mr. Chamberlain did not conceal his low opinion of the French; he compared supping with Russia to supping with the Devil; when he was the strongest man in the Ministry, he gave a platform invitation to Germany and the United States to ally themselves with this country and form a trinity of world-leaders in civilization. In the Press Lord Northcliffe had taken the same line; his paper (he had then only one which counted) wanted to "roll France in blood and mud." The last expiring kick of this diplomacy was the contracting of our Alliance with Japan (1902). In its inception the Alliance was anti-Russian. Its effect was that in the war which was looming ahead and broke out not long after between Japan and Russia, Russia had to fight single-handed, since the appearance in the

field of any ally on her side would have entailed our appearance on Japan's. Moreover, we know from Viscount Hayashi's disclosures that the Alliance was suggested by Germany and was first projected as triple, with Germany as the third partner. It never took the triple form, because Germany of her own accord dropped out. She was in fact under Prince Bülow's direction already committed to an anti-British policy of naval construction. Prince Bülow has since avowed his surprise that we did not crush in the bud an enterprise so palpably directed against us. His concern at the time was to lull our alarms and preserve our favor, until the danger of our doing so should be overpast; but not to entangle himself in a new Alliance.

When Sir Edward Grey (as he then was) took office in December, 1915, the day for crushing the German Navy in the bud had gone by. The responsibilities for that phase belong entirely to his Unionist predecessors. Lord Lansdowne had, however, laid the foundation of a new diplomacy by concluding in 1904 the Agreement and the *entente* with France. The *entente* undoubtedly originated in the perception by our Foreign Office that the unprovoked and aggressive hostility which Germany had displayed toward this country at the time of the Kruger telegram and, later, in the crisis of the Boer War, was being converted by Prince Bülow into a settled and concrete policy. But in itself it was scarcely more than a peace-keeping instrument. As such, it was of service from its earliest days, for it enabled the two partners to it to isolate the struggle between Japan and Russia. Under Viscount Grey's leading it enabled them afterwards to reconcile the ex-combatants. But from its earliest days, too, it aroused the hostility of Germany; who, as soon as Russia's Far Eastern embarrassments

removed her from the European arena, took hold of the Morocco question (previously without any interest for her) as a means of splitting the new combination.

Viscount Grey's first important ordeal was the Algeciras Conference. The Entente emerged from this preliminary testing stronger than before. But it was only the first of a series which Germany brought about over Morocco, till the final crisis and settlement over Agadir in 1911. These Moroccan quarrels must have left a deep impression of German aggressiveness in the mind of the Foreign Secretary, who was naturally better able than the public to estimate them in their international as well as their local and topical aspects. Thus the growth of the Entente policy went ahead, and in 1907 the Anglo-Russian Agreement inaugurated what was unofficially known as the Triple Entente, but technically consisted of no more than separate Ententes between ourselves and the two Powers of the old Dual Alliance. The Russo-Japanese Convention of the same year rounded it off on the Far Eastern side. Viscount Grey always denied very strongly the German charge that these agreements were intended to "isolate" or "encircle" Germany. "It is no part of our policy," he said in July, 1908, "to give our friendships any hostile point towards any other Power." The British proposals to Germany for a reduction of naval armaments (followed, when Germany did not accede, by a voluntary one-sided reduction on our side) were concrete proof from 1906 to 1909 that he meant what he said. But there can be no doubt that he valued the Ententes chiefly as an insurance against ultimate German aggression—an aggression which Germany's ship-building policy, replying to retardations in our Navy by accelerations in hers, rendered constantly more menacing.

Austria's Bosnian *coup* in 1908, followed by Germany's "shining armor" intervention on her behalf in 1909, deepened the same impression.

The year 1911 was a very difficult one for Viscount Grey. On the one hand there was the Agadir incident, followed by the long negotiation between France and Germany, in the course of which M. Caillaux's curious method of conducting, side by side on different lines, an official and an unofficial diplomacy, suggested the danger of a Franco-German agreement behind our backs and to our detriment. Almost at the same time occurred the Potsdam Agreement between Russia and Germany, whereby those Powers settled all outstanding questions between them in Asia, thus leaving Great Britain in a distinctly weaker position, whether for dealing with Germany on the Bagdad Railway or for dealing with Russia in Persia. While the very cement of the Triple Entente seemed thus to be weakening under German efforts, the shock of events awoke lively criticism at home. Viscount Grey was attacked by his own party on the ground that he was pursuing a Tory foreign policy from inside a Radical Cabinet. The friends of small nations inveighed against his "betrayal" of Persia; the pacifists complained that we had been dragged to the verge of war on behalf of French aggression in Morocco. These attacks were by no means baseless so far as related to local events in Morocco or Persia. The real answer lay elsewhere. Early in 1912 a Liberal friend saw Viscount Grey, and asked him why he could not make an Entente with Germany exactly like that with France. His reply was, in effect, that he would like to, but that he was prevented by Germany's behaving as "*an aggressive Power*." In these last three words was the test of the Grey policies. If it was true that Germany was collecting

her forces to strike us and others, then the need for holding the threatened Powers together in a defensive coalition was so paramount that many minor interests were rightly sacrificed to it. But if this diagnosis was false, if Germany was unaggressive, if the Ententes were superfluous for common defense, if their only value was for mutual peace-keeping, then they would not have justified the sacrifices that they entailed nor, in particular, the exclusion of Germany from the charmed circle. And until aggression fell upon us one could always argue, and believe, that none was intended.

On this fundamental issue the events of July and August, 1914, may be held to have decided in Viscount Grey's favor. The diagnosis of German policy, on which for nine years he had built up his own, was tragically verified. And when the crash came, when the "aggressive Power" threw disguises to the winds, it was due to the architect of the Ententes that her intended victims were able to meet her onset and that of her Austro-Hungarian accomplice, not in helpless isolation and succession, but as a great defensive coalition reasonably sure of final victory. Every Englishman who appreciates what it means to have France, Russia, Italy and Japan on his side in the death-struggle, and *vice versa* every Frenchman and Russian who realizes how much British co-operation has done to save the Continent, should own his debt to the statesman who united us.

It was in the two years and a-half between the Franco-German accord of 1911 and the outbreak of war that the Grey diplomacy touched its highest point. The events of 1911 had shown that the European strain was near breaking-point; things must get better, or they would quickly get worse. They had also shown that under the strain there was a risk that

both France and Russia might contract out separately. Viscount Grey had therefore to bestride divergent horses—to improve British relations with Germany, and at the same time to strengthen the bonds between London, Paris and Petrograd. In this difficult task he succeeded. He made Anglo-German relations so much more cordial than they had been since 1902, that by the time July, 1914, came Great Britain was the recognized "friend" of Germany and the go-between between her and the other Entente Powers. At the same time he never lost French or Russian confidence. The result was achieved by consistent loyalty and candor—qualities never better shown than in the long handling of the London Conference during the Balkan Wars. It was permissible to Germany to regard the first Balkan War as an evidence of Russian aggression. But Viscount Grey, disclaiming for Great Britain any direct interest in the Balkans and making her a quasi-independent conciliator, was at pains to show that, though sympathizing with the national uprising as such, we would take part in no diversion of it to aggressive ends. The test-case was when Montenegro, the puppet of Russia, wanted to seize Scutari, the purely Albanian town, in which Austria was known to take an interest. Viscount Grey not only persuaded the Conference as a whole to acquiesce in putting pressure on Montenegro, but he actually sent British warships to join with Austrian and German in blockading Antivari. Stronger proof that Great Britain would take part in no aggression against Germany could not possibly have been afforded; for at the moment the balance of military superiority was generally acknowledged to be with the Triple Entente. It is perhaps the heaviest count in the indictment against Germany that, instead of

reciprocating this signal generosity, she went away and by her War Levy, spent at once in vast military preparations, planned to turn the tables on her rivals by the aggression of 1914.

Viscount Grey was no more a perfect diplomatist than any of his predecessors. Like most of them, including Lord Salisbury, he was constantly charged from the Jingo side with giving too much away. That is a charge which the wise and self-forgetting diplomatist always welcomes within limits, because it strengthens his hand with foreign Chancellories. Nothing will embarrass him more abroad, however grateful it may sound during General Elections at home, than the kind of praise which represents him as habitually getting more than he gives. But Lord Grey was no less attacked from the Liberal side, chiefly as the aider and abettor of Russian tyrannies. The issue there is a pretty simple one. In the years from 1906 to 1914, what our Liberals were thinking about, when they thought at all, was the situation inside Russia, or in North Persia under the Russian heel. What Viscount Grey had to think about was the situation of Russia in Europe and the world. Those years witnessed the counter-revolution and the Stolypin and Goremykin reactions in the land of the Tsar. They also witnessed the gradual recovery of Russia as a Great Power after the Japanese disasters, and her resumption of a place at Europe's council-board. Viscount Grey could not help on the latter process without in appearance, and to some extent in reality, helping the former. But if he had not helped the latter, Russia must have fallen under German tutelage, as Germany meant her to fall when she egged her on to the Japanese adventure. Neither inside Russia nor outside could such a

development have been favorable to freedom. In the final tug between imperial Germany and the Western democracies Russia would have been against us instead of against our enemy. Everybody except those fanatical anti-Russians who are still unhappy about the present war because the Tsar is not numbered among our adversaries must recognize what an immense and far-sighted service was here rendered by the late Foreign Minister, amid perpetual Liberal sniping, to the cause of European Liberalism.

The main features of Lord Grey's policy after the war broke out were the same as before. So were the main features of uninstructed criticism upon it. Its real triumph is the existence of the Alliance and the unity of the Allies. In this country—whose public cannot see through the necessary veils of politeness and take for granted that our Allies, like our Dominions, are always right, and that the Government in the wrong is always the British Government—the Alliance is looked upon as something automatic, a sort of manna that drops into our mouths without anyone deserving any credit for it. In reality, of course, its preservation through long months and even years of military disasters and disappointments has been a supremely difficult task. It had latterly been made much harder by the reckless and unpatriotic line of the Press engaged in pushing Mr. Lloyd George; which, at a signal given about August, 1915, proceeded to fall upon his chief rival in Mr. Asquith's succession without the slightest regard for the injury done to Great Britain by discrediting her spokesman. The common feature of all the attacks was that they blamed Lord Grey for policies and episodes which he could neither repudiate nor defend, because the responsibility for them rested not

with him but with one or other of the Allies. That in many instances, if not all, the assailants themselves knew this, and deliberately attacked him at such points, does not make their unpatriotism or the public's gullibility any the less remarkable. After the war, when the truth can be told, history will repair the wrong done. But historic reparation is seldom complete; a calumny is easier born than killed.

No estimate of Lord Grey would be complete without some reference to his pioneer work for arbitration, for the reduction of armaments by agreement, for a peace-keeping World-Concert of Powers. Hating war and armaments with a sincerity second to none, he was always much ahead of the other European Foreign Offices in his zeal to reach an international system be-

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yond them. Some of his declarations on this score had the quality of landmarks. One might instance his speech of March 13th, 1911, on arbitration with America; or the conclusion of his despatch to Berlin (No. 101 in the White-paper) on July 30th, 1914; or (if it had not been followed by his retirement) his recent endorsement of the projected League to Enforce Peace. His absence, which now seems probable, from the Conference at the end of the war will have several results. In the first place, it will weaken the influence of this country. Indeed, the diplomatic leadership of the Alliance has already, on his retirement, passed from London to Paris, and M. Briand. But, secondly, the resulting peace is much less likely to be one which would cause the present world-war to be the last.

A SIDE ISSUE OF THE WAR.

On Saturday morning, January 30, 1915, a telephone message came through to me from Craig's Court, County of London Red Cross Association's Headquarters. It informed me, erroneously as it afterwards transpired, that enteric fever had broken out among the civil population in Boulogne, and inquired if I was willing to proceed to France with a V. A. D. Unit, which was shortly leaving for service in a hospital recently opened by the British authorities to receive these cases. I agreed. The next day was spent in filling up the necessary forms, applying for passport, sitting for the required photographs, etc. Monday began with an orgy of shopping—rudely interrupted by another message to the effect that the entire expedition was "off"—for reasons unassigned. Language—plus the countermanding of a Wolseley valise,

the most serious item on the list—ensued. The minor purchases were allowed to stand, on the supposition that they would be wanted at any rate before that dim far-away date, "when the war is over." Tuesday morning brought a new order. "Start tomorrow." The valise was re-ordered, the broken threads of shopping renewed, the bags packed, and I hurriedly dressed on Wednesday in preparation for an early start. Once more to 83 Pall Mall, this time to sign a contract binding me for six months' service—a slight shock, as I had expected it to be three. I studied its provisions hastily. They included a promise on the part of the British Red Cross Society to feed and transport me during my term of service; in return I vowed unquestioning obedience and uncomplaining acceptance of dismissal (fare home unpaid) in

case of misconduct on my part. This appeared to be insisted on in several places, but I may have been reading treble in the excitement of the moment. Finally, the document stated that anything we said or sang was liable to be nullified at the pleasure of the Naval and Military Authorities, and requested me not to write for the Press, and to swear myself the loyal subject of His Majesty King George.

I signed in about six places, and was swept into an adjoining chamber, to be given a brassard, a certificate of identity, and a disc graven with my name. The correct filling up of the certificate involved providing the authorities with a description of my personal appearance—down to the shoulders—and a declaration of my "apparent age," for which, after a hurried consultation with fellow-victims, I decided to substitute my real one. This had to be countersigned by a "competent military officer"; in this case a member of the medical profession, who talked and wrote with amazing deliberation, considering that it was now past 11 A.M., and we were due at Victoria Station at 12, while our baggage had to be fetched in the interim.

Thanks to a swift taxi, however, I arrived at the station punctually. There were now collected twelve members of various Red Cross V. A. Detachments, and an equal number of women belonging to detachments of the St. John's Ambulance Association. Mrs. F——, one of the most influential members of the V.A.D. Selection Board, appeared on the scene, with the surprising intelligence that she had received yet another telegram, forbidding us to start. The members of the St. John's detachments were compelled to go sadly home, but Mrs. F—— decided that the Red Cross contingent should, at all events, cross to Boulogne, where, if their services

were refused for the enteric hospital, they might at least take turns in relieving members of No. 1 V.A.D. Unit, who had been in charge of a Rest Station since August, 1914. A written order from the B.R.C.S. exempted us from more than the most perfunctory examination of our persons and baggage, and we at length took our places in the train for Folkestone. As the train steamed out of the station our spirits rose. My detachment wore brass buttons on their uniforms. These had to be changed, for foreign service, to black ones. This task I accomplished during the journey, with the assistance of K.M.S——, herein-after termed the "Sergeant-Major," though she did not earn the title till some weeks later. Even so, one forgotten brazen button lurked on the strap at the back of my overcoat, to be pointed out with derision on board the Boulogne boat. The crossing was comparatively calm. Before landing, our passports, etc., were examined by two officials, English and French. The latter wished to describe us as "Femmes Militaires"—a suggestion that was promptly vetoed by the Englishman, probably an Anti-Suffragist.

On the quay we were welcomed by members of No. 1 Unit, and informed that we were to go to the Hotel Christol, where we should be provided with beds and dinner and all luxuries of civilization. We were pleased, but endeavored to appear indifferent to creature comforts—a mistake only raw campaigners would have made. The dinner was excellent, though served in a room which had no communication with the outer air, and whose somewhat stale atmosphere was harassed unavailingly by the whirling of an electric fan. The Hotel Christol had been a hospital for some months, and was now undergoing a transformation into Nurses' Headquarters,

where English Sisters could stay on their way out or home, or between their terms of service at different hospitals. Consequently the building was in a state of chaos. There was no lack of furniture, but it was chiefly congregated in the corridors; while the Red Cross Orderlies responsible for "moving in" were usually to be found reclining on sofas or arm-chairs on the landings, thinking perhaps deeply, but acting not at all.

I was one of six V.A.D.'s who occupied two rooms opening into each other at the far end of a passage. Three hailed from Sussex, and had been previously acquainted. They took possession of one room, while the rest of us—who happened all to live in London, but had not met before this expedition was mooted—settled ourselves in the other. We thought our quarters cramped, and made delicate use of screens, etc. We little knew what was coming.

Our future prospects remained shrouded in mystery. We had heard by this time that the enteric hospital was not at Boulogne, but at St. Omer—the Headquarters of the British Expeditionary Force in France. It was considered doubtful if we, not being certificated nurses, would be allowed to go there. We were therefore wild to do so in any capacity, even the humblest. It was said that Sir Arthur Sloggett, Director-General of Medical Services, desired to send us, but that there was strong opposition—though where this came from I never very clearly knew, and it did not affect the ultimate issue.

Waiting for further orders, we found at first sufficient occupation in studying Boulogne under war conditions. Far as we were from the fighting line, there was a certain thrill in the knowledge that we were actually in a country invaded by the enemy. Our sitting-room windows overlooked the

harbor. Crossing and re-crossing the cobbled bridge below us was an endless procession of soldiers—blue and khaki,—motor ambulance cars, transport wagons, lorries, sailors, women in shawls, women bareheaded, women in stiff caps, children, military police—there was no lack of variety in the spectacle. Two magnificent Hospital Ships—converted liners—painted in long lines of green and white, with huge red crosses gleaming on their sides, lay in harbor ready to start for England. The town, of course, was full of wounded after any heavy fighting, and every hotel, as well as the fine Casino, had become a hospital.

Sometimes we helped at the Rest Station organized by No. 1 V.A.D. Unit. It consisted of railway trucks which their own work had converted into kitchen, storehouse, dispensary, and staff-room—the last being also the quartermaster's office.

The work had been heavy at the beginning of the war, when train-loads of wounded arrived unfed, and were left on stretchers on the station platforms awaiting transport to ship or hospital. With the improvement of the Ambulance Train and Car service, there became less apparent need of the Rest Station's supply of hot drinks, cigarettes, etc. None the less, these offerings were still welcomed in many cases, not only by the wounded, but by railway officials on night duty, who were thankful for refreshment during the cold of winter.

It was on February 11, after a week of contradictory rumors, and the growth within us all of restless irritation, that orders at last came that we were to proceed to St. Omer. One of our number had, in the meantime, been recalled by bad news from home, another elected to stay behind and do quartermaster's work at the Rest Station. To make up the original twelve, Mrs. W—and Miss L—

from No. 1 Unit joined us. We were drawn up in line in the hall of the Hotel Christol to listen to a valedictory speech from the English Commissioner at Boulogne. Poor dear! I shall never forget his embarrassment as he groped in verbal darkness while we stood at gaze. All I remember of his speech is the remark, "You will find things very rough up there," which was a fairly accurate prophecy; and a somewhat abrupt recommendation to the care of the Almighty with which his observations concluded.

Our conveyance duly arrived, a motor-omnibus of the station variety, and we waited impatiently to start, but new passes had to be made out, as we were now about to enter the War Zone.

We left Boulogne at last in brilliant sunshine, and ran for St. Omer. We saw many Belgian soldiers in the villages, some of whom saluted, while the women and children cheered and waved their hands to us. We drove rapidly, and the roads were bad. Twice the car seemed actually to leap the rails at a level crossing, and we were hurled from our seats.

By the time we reached St. Omer, it was dark and very cold. The town was well lit, however, and we speculated wildly as to where Sir John French might reside. But the car left streets behind and plunged once more into the country. After a run of about a mile and a half it drew up in a muddy lane in front of a high white wall.

A door in this wall opened to admit us into a garden, wherein we dimly saw a long building. This was our mess—it also housed the Matron, several Sisters, and later our V.A.D. cook and mess orderly.

The first room we entered was a potting-shed in normal times; it was long and lofty, with a tiled floor and many windows. In our time part of it

was used as a Sisters' dormitory and the rest for drying clothes. The cold thereof was intense.

Thence we proceeded to the dining-room, cheerful with electric light on all evenings when a Taube or Zeppelin scare did not plunge us into unforeseen darkness. We sat down to the mixed meal, half tea, half dinner, well known to the nursing profession.

Miss H—, the Matron, a slim woman with a decisive manner and a pleasing smile, welcomed us with a promise of much work. We were told, however, that on our first morning we need not appear until second breakfast, served at 8.15 A.M., and intended as a rule only for Matron and Sisters on night duty.

Miss E—, Home Sister, armed with a lantern, then drew us forth into the muddy dark to find our billet. This, as the crow flies, was not far distant. But there was no opening in the garden fence by which we might proceed thither in a straight line, consequently we were compelled to go round the house by road—a good ten minutes' trudge. Our baggage followed us in the motor. We left the road for a path running alongside a ploughed field, which led us to another walled garden that belonged to our lodging. Up a narrow cottage stair, lit only by the lantern we carried, we dragged our belongings with some effort. The V.A.D. quarters consisted of three rooms leading from the first landing, and having no other means of entrance or exit.

They occupied the whole width of the building, some ten feet merely, and had windows on each side, though only those facing west would open. The first room was the largest, oblong in shape, the second was square, the last a tiny slip of an apartment just capable of accommodating two recumbent figures and a chair or so. The two large rooms boasted each a cup-

board in the wall, and a table; otherwise they were entirely destitute of furniture. The floors consisted of bare boards, mercifully clean. Some one declared these quarters could be made charming, with the enthusiasm of a new-wed bride starting life in a suburban villa. I felt tired and sceptical. We were given Army blankets of that all-absorbing sepia hue beloved of military authorities, and promised mattresses—some other time. I, with four others who had shared rooms at the Hotel Christol, lay down in the second room, rolled up in our valises and everything else we could think of to keep out the draughts which played mad, happy games on the floor, stabbing us remorselessly *en route*.

G—had no valise, so S— lent her sleeping-bag, an act of unselfishness which one must have shivered on that floor to appreciate at its true value. I awoke in the dead of night to find that S—and I were close together. Instinctively I moved away, but slipped back when I heard a shuddering voice in the darkness saying, "Please don't, it's the first time I've been warm tonight."

Now that I have described our billet in some detail, I will explain how we eventually settled down in it, since it was to be our home for two and a half months. Two of our Unit moved into the other house, where they acted as cook and orderly to our mess. This relieved our "congested district," and left only four to sleep in the central apartment. First, S— (the "Sergeant-Major," now christened thus on account of the rigid system she introduced into our washing and dressing arrangements, and the tidiness on which she, more or less successfully, insisted). Secondly (I am counting in the order in which we lay at night, beginning from the door), came myself. Next C—, a

sweet-tempered and casual person, whose retention of good manners, long after our scrambling, primitive life had robbed the rest of us of any such attribute, earned her the nickname of "The Perfect Lady." Lastly tucked neatly into the corner, where she could listen to a gnawing rat if she were wakeful, lay W— (or the "Tit Willow"), who was small but sophisticated, and had a great deal of hair, and eyes which toned with her pajamas when it happened to be her week for the blue pair.

We acquired by degrees four chairs; four basins, folding, india-rubber, as an Army Stores list would have described them; and three mattresses. The latter we arranged to accommodate the four of us, by placing two transversely, and one in the ordinary manner, between the door of the tiny inner room and the west wall. Sometimes the mattresses let us down, literally, by slipping apart, and great were the gymnastics required to replace them without rising—which no one desired to do when once well swaddled in blankets. We lay with our heads against the thin partition dividing us from the inner room, and we could hear its occupants, who were piously disposed, read the Bible aloud ere they slept. They, on their side, were probably less edified by the ribald tales with which our quartette, or rather three-fourths of it, for "The Perfect Lady" seldom contributed, were wont to cheer the comfortless and chilly evenings.

The dressing of four women in that confined space in the darkness of the early winter mornings was no easy matter. Men, untrammeled by long hair, caps, overalls and aprons to be worn, as far as possible, unsullied through mud and rain, will not appreciate this statement, but perhaps will take our united word for its truth. All you desired to wear in the

morning was placed on your chair overnight. Then you plucked and manipulated your clothes, by the wavering light of one bottled candle, till the chair was bare and you covered and ready to waddle out to breakfast in snow—or gum-boots, long coats, and sou'westers. The discovery of an "alien enemy" in the shape of some one else's garment on your chair was an occasion for brief and savage comment, but I think our quartette was the most harmonious of the various groups billeted in the village, though I can only speak of the others from hearsay. The only approach to a serious quarrel occurred when "The Perfect Lady" inadvertently used the "Tit Willow's" tooth-brush, and the latter, outraged, boiled the contaminated instrument on an Etna stove by way of restoring it to purity. There was another perilous moment, when my only available bath-towel disappeared, and I sought it in a damp and furious condition, accusing all and sundry of its removal. But the others were ere this blanketed and prone, so wisely feigned a childlike slumber while I mopped up miserably with a most inadequate duster! The towel reappeared next morning, in my corner, once more justifying the "Sergeant-Major's" oft-repeated maxim, "You should look for things by daylight."

I cherish a grateful memory of the French family who dwelt in the house, and did much for us. They cleaned our crowded quarters, and supplied us nightly with precious hot water, which we took it in turns to fetch in a canvas bucket that the all-foreseeing "Sergeant-Major" had brought out with her. The daughter of the house told us she would always remember the English by their strange affection for hot water. "We never had it before they came," she said. English soldiers had been billeted on them in

the early days of war. "How had they understood them?" we asked. "Oh, by signs—and then the English soldier learned so quickly. He could soon say 'Promenade' and 'fiancée.'"

The distance between our mess and the hospital was about two and a half miles. We breakfasted at 7 A.M. (I was almost invariably late, and bolted my food like a boa-constrictor), and then scurried for the "bus," a motor-lorry covered in with a tarpaulin stretched over a wooden framework. This vehicle conveyed us to and from the hospital daily, and I learned to hate it with undying bitterness. It was supposed, I believe, to hold fourteen,—I have known it to carry thirty-seven of us, inside and out, packed on each other's knees in layers, while it swung round corners at perilous speed, bumping over roads deep in mud or snow and ploughed into ruts by the passage of troops, guns, and transport wagons.

Two drivers were attached to the chariot, which was frequently used by them as a bedroom, and which they had malignantly dubbed "Potsdam Villa." One driver was fat, the other thin. We called them respectively the "Flesh," and the "Devil," and the driving, particularly of the "Flesh," was fast and furious. It was not, however, until he had been exchanged for a chauffeur far more careful in his methods, but apparently less acquainted with the peculiar devilries of the "bus," that the accident we had long expected occurred. But that is another story.

The Malassise (*not* Molasses or Malise) Hospital was a very large building situated on the main road between St. Omer and Blendecques. Originally a convent, it had passed into the hands of a wealthy monastic order, who owned much of the land in the immediate neighborhood. It was a theological school at the out-

break of war. All its able-bodied inhabitants, monks and pupils alike, left it to serve in various capacities with the French army—only some old lay brothers remained to keep the premises in order to the best of their ability.

Two capital T's placed end to end convey a rough idea of the plan of the hospital. A long stone passage ran down the main building. A staircase at each end led to the dormitories and class-rooms, now converted into wards, and named after members of the Belgian Royal Family. So closely had the real "raison d'être" of the hospital been kept from us, that it was not until after our arrival there that we discovered the patients to be, not French, but Flemish civilians, brought in from Ypres and the surrounding districts, where typhoid fever had broken out with some violence. So the ward on the top storey, which ran from end to end of the main building and contained seventy-two beds, was called Elizabeth. The children's ward was Marie José; the remaining wards were known respectively as Charles, Albert, and Leopold. Eventually some smaller rooms on the ground floor, as well as a narrow corridor running between the main passage and Charles Ward, were also used to accommodate patients, and were known as wards I., II., III., IV., V., and "Corridor."

Though prepared for the reception of civilians of all ages and both sexes, the Malassise Hospital was administered by the R.A.M.C. on the lines of a British Military Hospital. Its primary object was the protection of our own troops by removing those stricken with enteric from the districts where they were to be billeted or entrenched. The civil hospitals at Ypres and Poperinghe were already full, and later in the year Ypres, and to a lesser extent Poperinghe, were

subjected to a bombardment that must have made hospital life, to say the least of it, distinctly unrestful. The Poperinghe Hospital, being less endangered, continued to exist after Ypres had been completely evacuated, and it was from this institution that we received most of our patients. At first these arrived in a terribly exhausted condition, having been jolted some score of miles, or more, over rough roads, in a stage of the illness that would in normal times have been treated by the enforcement of absolute rest. Sometimes they came in with bruised backs that in their emaciated condition threatened to break down into bed-sores—often the bed-sores were there already. Later, when the spread of the disease had been checked by inoculation, coupled with all possible sanitary precautions, the authorities were able to keep the sufferers at Poperinghe till they were more fit to travel.

The hospital had been open for a week when we V.A.D.'s arrived to take our share in the work. Its preparation had been hasty, and was of necessity incomplete. Several wards had no furniture beyond the beds, and perhaps one table. The necessity for placing any apparatus in use on the floor, and stooping to handle it while attending to a patient, gave rise to acute backache. There were no lockers or cupboards, so the bare boards or a spare bed (if by chance there were one) had to be used for piling linen, which led to no little confusion. The patients' own clothes were made up into bundles immediately after their arrival, and sent to be disinfected, with a list attached. The composition of these lists, if the nurses were busy settling the patients in bed, was left to the orderlies, and great at times was their perplexity as to the correct nomenclature of female under-garments.

"What am I to call this, please, Sister?" was their frequent cry as they held up some weird piece of clothing between finger and thumb!

In that first wild rush the Sisters openly declared that their work was, from sheer necessity, a demonstration of "enteric fever, as she should *not* be nursed." With a shortage of linen, basins, sinks, etc., the elaborate precautions insisted on at home to prevent the attendants contracting the disease could not possibly be observed. Nor was there sufficient staff to allow any but the worst cases to be fed by hand, or so lifted in bed that no effort was required from them. Nevertheless, the great majority did well, though there were a fair number of deaths in February and March.

We were all glad when the new mortuary was built outside the hospital, since in the beginning it had been a room opening out of the corridor, subsequently transformed into a kitchen bunk!

The furnishing and equipment of the wards improved rapidly, and by the beginning of April we had well-nigh forgotten the difficulties under which we had labored at first. A tent section was early added to the hospital where many of the male patients were nursed, the building being kept for women, children, and old men.

For me, personally, the most interesting time spent in the hospital was as junior nurse in the Corridor Ward, which contained twelve beds. These were at first occupied by men who were subsequently removed to East Camp to make room for girls and women. Sister C—, under whom I worked, was "Theatre Sister," and during her absence at operations, as well as when she was off duty, I was left in charge of the Corridor, though the Sister of Nos. IV. and V., who dwelt across the passage, was ready to come to my help in case

of emergency. There was also a Belgian (or, as Sister C— insisted on calling him, a Belgium) orderly, who was a source of perpetual exasperation, since, though he spoke French and English fluently besides his native Flemish, he never appeared to understand an order in either tongue, and his total lack of cleanliness and competence was only equalled by his inordinate conceit. Even as interpreter he failed, as he substituted fallacies of his own for the statements we desired him to make to the patients, and coolly boasted that he had done so; while on one occasion, when I asked him to ascertain the reason for the distress of a sick girl who was sobbing bitterly, he merely replied, "Oh, only a woman's tears, Sister," and lurched away!

There were other drawbacks to the Corridor. It contained eight large windows and five doors, and the Cave of the Winds must have been stagnation compared to the disturbance of the atmosphere which took place if several of these happened to be open simultaneously in a March gale. Linen, etc., had to be obtained from Ward V across the main passage. It was my painful duty to fetch it, and as the Sisters quarreled perpetually over the quantity due to the Corridor Ward, I was invariably blamed for taking too much or too little, according to which ward I happened to be in. This, however, I bore with philosophy, likewise the everlasting struggle for the hospitality of other people's stoves when I was desirous of warming food, etc., for the patients, since we had no heating apparatus of our own.

I have said little so far concerning the patients themselves. This local outbreak of enteric fever was a small side issue of the War—one which, thanks to modern medical science, caused comparatively little loss of life. Yet the tragedy of these stricken

refugees might have filled volumes had it not been dwarfed by the more horrible events taking place in other parts of Europe.

Entire families came into the hospital together. Often it became necessary to inform some weak convalescent that child, or husband, or other of their kin had succumbed to the disease. It must be admitted that the men, at least, appeared to receive the news stolidly, but the grief of the mothers for their children was pitiful.

Even sadder was the fate of those whose relatives had been left at Ypres, only to be driven from their homes by German shells, sometimes leaving no traces behind them. On several occasions, even after the most careful inquiries had been made, children were brought back to the hospital by the convoy which had set out with them towards home, since they found that home no longer existent and the family fled, no one knew whither. For these and others who had no other refuge a large convalescent settlement was organized at Montreuil.

The difficulties of nursing were increased by the lack of a common language between us and our patients. There were two Belgian doctors, two nurses, and several orderlies, who were, of course, acquainted with the Flemish tongue, and some few of the better educated patients could speak French. I bought a "Flemish Military Guide," destined for the use of our troops in Flanders, and conscientiously endeavored to imbibe knowledge from its pages. The language falls between English and German, a fact many of the Sisters must have failed to grasp, for they would insist on addressing the patients in rudimentary French, though, in many cases, the equivalent English word would have given them a better chance of being understood. The "Guide" helped

me little, since it dealt largely with military necessities and the cross-examination of suspected spies, and rather stultified itself by the astounding directions it gave as to pronunciation, for example:

"Pronounce 'ui'—as giving to the first *e* in *eye*, the sound of *a* in *pluck*!"

But I managed to pick up enough of the language to deal with the daily incidents of ward life.

There were some among the patients, particularly the girls, whom I shall always remember with pleasure; but of the majority it might truthfully be said in the words of Mark Twain, that "their manners were none and their customs were beastly."

Novelists and journalists appear to regard nursing as romantic, seeing it as the gentle occupation of "ministering angels" with feathers ever unsullied and unruffled by their tender task. They speak as fools. There are, no doubt, many diseases more repulsive and painful than typhoid, but, personally, I should prefer to die of one that is less so. Many a morning when, at 7.30 A.M., I crossed the threshold of the Malassise, I have set my teeth and fought down the nausea caused by the very characteristic odor that pervades an enteric hospital. I was spared something of this by the succession of violent colds that afflicted me during my first few weeks in France, and which, though they made day wearisome and night a period of choking discomfort, temporarily destroyed my sense of smell. It was only in happier days that we admitted to each other with what shuddering reluctance we had been wont to enter the hospital door. Before that mutual confession, I had imagined myself to be the only one possessed of this weakness! I will only speak of one other unpleasing feature of ward life, and that was the quantity of vermin that infested the hospital, particu-

larly the female wards, as many of these Belgian women boasted hair that would have qualified them to pose as advertisements for Harlene, but which, abundant and beautiful as it was, was inhabited by "souvenirs," as Temy hath it. Weakly, in my humble opinion, the hospital authorities bowed to their objections to having it cut away, and not only did this add to the attention its owners required, but failed to save the hair in the long-run, since the fever caused it to fall out during convalescence.

Besides enteric fever, other complications crept into the hospital—*e.g.*, pneumonia, diphtheria, and various skin diseases. Diphtheria threatened to give most trouble, and antitoxin was injected into us as well as into the patients. We were none the worse for the operation, and the new enemy was quickly crushed.

There were, not unnaturally, casualties among the staff. It was a triumph for inoculation that no nurse or medical officer, and only one orderly, contracted typhoid fever, though, as I have before stated, few of the stringent precautions against infection observed in our home hospitals were feasible here. But cases of severe sore throat and poisoned fingers occurred among the nurses, and in one instance a Sister suffered from a septic hand caused by an old woman who had bitten her like a wild beast in the madness of delirium.

After three months' work "The Perfect Lady," to the regret of all, was invalidated home with rheumatism, a catastrophe which had previously happened to one of the Sisters. Indeed, the dampness of our quarters caused many of us to suffer more or less from this complaint, if only in the form of general stiffness. Our nights were troubled, too, by attacks of furious cramp, rendered more trying by the fact that the narrowness

of our accommodation on the floor made much change of position impossible without disturbing each other—an unpardonable sin when sleep is precious. After an outbreak of influenza several of the staff went for a time to Lady Gifford's convalescent home at Hardelot, whence they returned as giants refreshed, with the exception of one V.A.D. who elected to stay at the Boulogne Rest Station while a substitute was sent up in her place.

I escaped with a slight attack of the dreaded "flue," and was able to remain on duty. Truth to tell, I hated the idea of "going sick" in a room possessed of only one small window—while three camp-beds almost touching each other, and at one time all occupied, took up almost the whole of the available floor space. I had one "scare," in the shape of a "mercury rash," a skin affection caused by disinfecting my hands with perchloride of mercury, which I at first feared might be some horror contracted from a patient. The trouble promptly yielded to treatment, and I breathed again.

I have said nothing hitherto about our food. Not that the subject did not assume great importance even to me who had never before taken much interest in what I should eat or what I should drink. We were supplied with Army rations—meat, potatoes, tea, cheese, jam, etc. The jams had different names, but were apparently of one substance. It was said that the officers nearer the base commandeered the marmalade and honey for their own consumption! Be that as it may, we did not see either for the first three months. We had a mess allowance—three francs per diem for Sisters, two francs for V.A.D.'s, and out of this subscribed for milk, butter, eggs, etc. Butter was expensive—we ate cheese and jam at nearly

every meal, often reversing the usual order of things, and devouring it while we waited for our meat to be served; for time was very precious while we messed so far from the hospital. The food, if monotonous, was neither bad nor scanty, but the feverish haste with which it had to be absorbed seemed to render it unsatisfying. Our digestions, on the whole, played up like trumps, and "did their bit" with surprising efficiency considering the strain put upon them.

Sometimes even the unquiet conveyance of "Potsdam Villa" failed us, owing to breakdown or blocked roads.

Once, soon after our arrival at the Malassise, Sister R—— and I came off duty at 5 P.M., to find the omnibus had started without us. It was pitch dark, the roads were deep in slush, and half-thawed snow was driving down the wind. We wanted our tea, and felt disinclined for walking. The ambulance which had returned that afternoon from Poperinghe with a fresh batch of patients stood in the yard. We asked the men in charge if they could drive us home. They agreed cheerily, declaring that they knew quite well where our billets were situated. We ourselves had not the slightest idea. Remember, we had had no time to take our bearings, life so far having oscillated between billet, mess, and hospital and back again, transported all the while in a vehicle from which we could see about as much of the outside world as prisoners in a Black Maria. When the car rattled into St. Omer, however, I began to feel uneasy. At least I knew we were not quartered there—indeed at this time we had not even permission to enter the town. But perhaps the driver had some errand of his own. No. He stopped before a solid brick house, and told us we had arrived at our billets. We hastened to undeceive him. This house was oc-

cupied, it appeared, by Army Sisters working in the Stationary Hospital at St. Omer. Where did we want to go then? I timidly suggested Longuenesse. This was actually the name of our village, but I did not know it then, merely recalling a fleeting glimpse of the name on a sign-post.

How far it might be from the haven I desired I knew not. However, we plunged into the darkness with our escort—a corporal and two privates. At a cross-road we stopped, and I descended into the mud and whirling snow—my apron twisting madly round my legs—to try and get some idea of our whereabouts. Sister R—— sat tight. If we wandered "somewhere in France" all night, she would not emerge from the microbe-haunted shelter of the ambulance. Out of the snow-swept darkness came a voice—very young and very pleasant. "Sister," it said, "can I be of any use?" The corporal's lantern revealed the tall and shadowy figure of a British officer—I could not see his face. I explained our dilemma, and he promptly directed us back to the hospital. This was more than I could bear, and I mournfully declared I had been there since 7.30 A.M., and was longing to escape for the night at least. He pointed up another road, and said he thought our billets lay in that direction. I had forgotten by this time what I had even suspected to be the name of village, but informed him hopefully that it possessed a tower, with a clock that wouldn't go, and a churchyard that was a great deal too full. (It became fuller later on, since our refugees were buried there.) I was the more convinced of the officer's extreme youth by the fact that he did not laugh. I had not met such perfect manners since I lost my way in Eton College, and was guided to my brother's room by one of the Fourth Form. Still I felt

if he had been even younger and a Boy Scout, he would have been able to identify the village, whose salient features I thought I had most vividly described. As it was—"Sister, I'm afraid I haven't the foggiest," he said, "but I am sure your billets are up that road."

Away we went again, overshot the right turning, came back on our tracks, asked directions from passer-by and cottager (it was fortunate that I could speak the language), and finally arrived at the goal of our desires. I rushed gladly into the warmth of the house, but was a moment later followed by the distracted corporal complaining that Sister R—— had declined to leave the car, as she refused to believe we could have got home at last. So back I had to paddle to persuade her of the glad tidings, and our benefactors departed with our blessing. I have often wondered since what their comments were.

That was not my only experience of a casual lift. I was once asked to go back to our mess in the hospital hearse, but preferred to walk, shrinking as much from the obvious discomfort of the vehicle as from its lugubrious associations.

Hitherto I had always thought that poets were apt to get a little over-excited on the subject of spring, but this year I welcomed its coming with rapture. No longer now did we rise in the dark, and wrestle with frozen fingers to coerce the "slithy" stud through the unyielding collar. We depended for our awakening in the mornings on the "Sergeant-Majors" alarm clock, which we regarded with mingled feelings of gratitude and loathing. It had a maddening habit of sounding the alarm an hour too soon, but its methodical owner always contrived to fall asleep on her right side, where she had placed it within reach, that she might clasp and quell it in

Blackwood's Magazine.

(*To be concluded.*)

the twinkling of an eye should this aberration occur. Daily, at about 6 A.M., we heard the whir of an aeroplane flying from the Headquarters of the Aviation Corps, which was at Longuenesse, in the direction of St. Omer. Longer days and gentler weather meant that our time off duty (two hours daily, but much curtailed by the necessary locomotion) gave us a chance of exploring our surroundings.

After some negotiation we were allowed passes in and out of St. Omer—a welcome boon. It is a small town of quaint, inconsequent streets and by-ways, paved with cobbles, that were harsh indeed to footsore nurses. On the south side lie fortifications said to have been constructed during the campaigns of Marlborough. On the highest spot in the town stands the Cathedral, dominating the surrounding flats. Under the clean-washed skies of early morning, backed by clouds heavy with storm, or dark against the burning sunsets which are the glory of level lands, I can recall the old Cathedral's beauty in all these settings. At the eastern end of the town rises the tower of the ruined Abbaye St. Bertin, on whose summit in the month of May a huge searchlight was constructed, which lit the surrounding country like a revolving sun in the darkness. There is another and modern church of red brick, now used as a motor garage, the chancel being curtained off and cars stabled between the pillars, less destructive occupants than were Cromwell's troopers when availing themselves of similar accommodations in England.

G. H. Q. (General Headquarters) found itself (as they say in France) half-way down the Rue St. Bertin, and here the British Commander-in-Chief "might have been seen" (only I didn't happen to see him) making history at his writing-table, or playing with a cat on the window-sill.

B. G. Mure.

THE ANCESTRY OF PRIVATE SCHULTZ.

Private Johann Schultz, whom his regimental record knew as Private Michael O'Hara, leaned against the parados of what an optimistic sapper had christened a trench, and wished with great intensity that he were dead. In front of him, swept by a vicious northeast wind, was a section of Flanders—a section more desolate than the prairie itself. It was six hours since he had had more than the suggestion of a meal, and his world had, to all appearances, forgotten that he existed.

Until the summer of 1914, the Fates had dealt not unkindly with Private Schultz. One hundred years before that date, a certain bluff, fair-haired dragoon in the Prussian army had fallen in love with the Irish nursemaid in the household of the ambassador at Berlin, and after a wooing as brief as it was tempestuous, had married her. And when the name of the Little Corporal had lost its menace, the dragoon had returned to Ireland with his wife, become naturalized, and there settled. The eldest son of each succeeding generation had been named Johann; and intermarriage notwithstanding, the stiff yellow hair and blue eyes of Private Schultz's great-great-great-grandfather had been faithfully handed down.

Private Johann was the last of his line. At the beginning of the war he had been working in London for Binsteds, the big builders. Followed a chilly period of boycott, an interview with the head of the firm, and the intimation that, under the circumstances, he had better seek work elsewhere. His German name and German appearance were hopelessly against him.

"But 'tis meself that's as loyal as th' best av them," protested Johann.

"Quite so—quite so," said the manager; "but the feelings of the men must be considered."

So Johann departed, with an excellent character and a month's wages in lieu of notice. That same Saturday afternoon he left his room at Camden Town and took the tram to Highgate. At the door of a tea-shop he halted, screwed his courage a notch higher, and went in. He passed down an aisle of marble-topped tables and entered a small parlor behind, where a dark-haired, exceedingly pretty girl was arranging a plate of cakes.

"Hallo!" she said, the color in her cheeks deepening. "Mother's out. Anything wrong?"

"Binsteds are afther givin' me th' sack," said Johann. "Finish attindin' to y'r customers, and Oi'll explain."

He did explain. Jenny Parker listened, with growing coldness. She and Johann were not formally engaged; there had been nothing more than an "understanding" between them. And latterly sundry girl friends had dwelt on Johann's ancestry, and her mother had added certain caustic comments of her own. Sick at heart, Johann perceived that she was superficially sorry for his sake, but that she viewed the diminishing prospect of their marriage with more relief than regret.

"A girl nowadays couldn't be expected to feel the same," she explained, "towards a man whose forefathers had been German." And Johann had passed from the shop into the chilly October air, his life broken and worthless.

A recruiting poster caught his eye, with an arrow that showed the way to the nearest depot. He walked there like a man in a dream, and, still like a man in a dream, answered the ques-

tions put to him by a keen-eyed sergeant. "Surname, O'Hara" (Johann's mother's); "Christian name, Michael; age, twenty-three; occupation, house-painter." And so forth. The local battalion was badly in need of more men, the sergeant disinclined to push his inquiries too far. Michael O'Hara was duly sworn in, and after a brief leave, during which he deposited his few belongings with his landlady, found himself an inconspicuous unit in B Company, 17th (Service) Battalion South Surrey Rifles.

But despite the name on the regimental roll, a whisper sprang up from somewhere that it was not his own, and that he was not the Irishman his brogue indicated.

"A blighter that looks like a bloomin' 'Un and talks like a Dublin car-driver ain't to be trusted," opined Jimmy Evans, the little Cockney corporal in B Company. "Sargin, what's that there Latin word for a chap as goes abaht wiv a name that ain't 'is own? In—in—"

"*In loco parentis*," said Sergeant Jupes, without hesitation. And "Loco" Private Johann became forthwith.

Extreme depression does not make for popularity; and though the officers found Johann tractable and quick enough, that alert buoyancy which is worth so much on active service was lacking. So, while draft after draft went abroad, he remained at home. Then came an action which brought the regiment much honorable mention in dispatches, and left gaps which urgently needed filling. Johann was told that his turn had come at last, and was offered forty-eight hours' leave by his company officer. He hesitated for a moment, and then declined it.

"No best girls you want to say good-bye to?" asked the captain, with a curious glance at the tall, stiff figure.

Johann had a sudden transitory vision of Jenny Parker's face when

they had parted at the tea-shop door.

"Not me, sorr."

"Please yourself," said the officer; and Johann saluted and retired to polish his equipment furiously, and to persuade himself that he was forgetting.

That was three months ago—long enough for the whispers that had been forgotten in the excitement of departure to come to life again.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," said Sergeant Jupes respectfully, "but I wouldn't put Private O'Hara—him the chaps call 'Loco'—at No. 3 listening-post."

"Why not?" said Lieutenant Mellish. "O'Hara is efficient enough."

"Maybe, sir. But the others don't care for his company. There's an idea that he's half-German. His hair and eyes—"

"Oh, all right!" said Mellish impatiently. "Send him to the end of the trench. Nothing ever happens there. And if you get any further information on the point—"

"I'll let you know at once, sir."

So Private Johann found himself at the end of the trench, a man as lonely and embittered as any in the long line that straggled across Flanders. His wandering thoughts were checked by a faint gnawing sound. It was as though some giant rodent was slowly making its way into the earth beneath his feet. The newly trained soldier in him awoke, and he flattened his ear against the damp clay and listened intently. The gnawing sound stopped long enough for him to count twenty, and was followed by a phenomenon totally beyond the analysis of Private Johann. He was conscious only of a heaving shudder that convulsed the trench, and of a blinding, stunning roar. Thereafter he dropped an interminable distance into black oblivion.

At the end of an unmeasured interval he opened his eyes again. Through a chink in the mass of rubble above him,

he could distinguish a solitary star swimming in a sky of velvety blue. It convinced him that, all other evidence to the contrary, he was still alive. He wriggled one arm free, and made an effort to shift the dreadful weight which was crushing his chest. His hand encountered torn sacking, clay, and stones. He tried to turn his body, and failed; tried to shout, and found his voice little more than a cracked whisper.

"Be gob, but if O'im not out av this befor long, Oi'll never be out at all!" Private Johann told himself. Despite the fact that his head was aching abominably, his brain worked with astonishing clarity and detachment. It was plain that he would have to proceed with caution, as well as speed. With frequent pauses to rest, he freed both arms, and then, more slowly, his body. At which stage he sat up.

The sky above him was clear, but the horizon was gray with scurrying cloud, amid which the moon, almost full, rode in a track of silver vapor. Of the landscape she illuminated Private Johann appeared to be the sole living occupant. Whether there had been a battle, and, if so, which way the fortunes of war had swayed, he had no conception. He was alone, utterly alone on a tortured plain, with only prone and motionless figures for company. The thought crossed his mind that the end of the world had come while he lay there, and that the final catastrophe had passed and left him the only man alive.

He ceased to speculate, and began scrabbling at the débris which still encumbered his legs. It was painful work, but he was free at last. He felt himself over with grimed and bleeding fingers. So far as he could discover, no bones were broken. He stood up, turned dizzy, and dropped to a sitting position. Ten minutes passed before

he could walk with any degree of confidence.

The moon, rising clear of the cloud-wrack, showed him what had lately been the front-line trenches occupied by B Company. But in which direction the company had moved, or even if it still existed, he had no idea. A growing sense of physical discomfort became suddenly acute, and he realized that his uniform had been rent and slashed until it was a mere collection of fluttering rags. He was cold—colder than he had ever been in his life.

From where he stood, Private Johann could see the hunched-up figure of a man, unmistakably dead, clad in a magnificently voluminous overcoat that was not even muddied. Impelled by the primitive need of covering himself, he stumbled towards the figure. The task of annexing a dead man's garment was horrible; but war, whatever its minor aspects, is always fundamentally horrible at heart, and without hesitation Private Johann unfastened the shining buttons.

"Sorry!" he said, as one apologizing for the courtesy, and annexed also a resplendent helmet and a pair of noble gauntlets. "But 'tis a mighty good fit, no less," he added.

In the moonlight he could see the face clearly, and shuddered. Death itself lacked the power to give dignity to the gross features and dog-like hang of the lower jaw. But the end had been merciful—a clean-drilled hole through the forehead.

"An' now f'r the exile's return!" said Private Johann.

The moon had vanished, and he was left to stumble onward, with no sense of direction. For the first few hundred yards he went fairly sure; then an attack of vertigo overcame him, and he collapsed on a pile of rubble which had once been a well-built thirteen-inch wall. His hand came in contact with a side-pocket of the overcoat—

a garment of superfine cut and quality. He unbuttoned the flap, and extracted a notebook and an aluminium box. In the latter he discovered a small phial of spirits and several flat slabs of chocolate.

"Here's luck to th' bhoys!" said Private Johann, and drank a toast to the lost company. The stuff was a cordial of a brand unknown to his limited experience, but pungent in the extreme. It sent a revivifying glow through his entire body, and made the world again a place worth living in—a place where a man of action might still carve his way to fame. He munched a slab of chocolate, and then turned his attention to the notebook.

"Graf von Zenden, Colonel on the Staff of General Stuber, 188th Division," translated Private Johann under his breath, and whistled softly as he studied the notes that followed.

Among his few extraneous accomplishments was an ability to speak German with a fluency and distinction which many a professor might have envied. There had been no use for German at Binsteds', and the accomplishment had lain dormant, so to speak. But it had always been a theory of Johann's father that a man should speak at least one tongue beside his own, and what more natural than that of great-great-great-grandfather Schultz? Another incentive existed, in the form of the big brass-bound Bible which had belonged to the old dragoon, and which tradition demanded should be passed on from father to son as soon as the boy could read its pages. Gorgeous pages they were, filled with copperplates depicting the Creation, innumerable heavenly hosts—all with placid Teuton faces and garments as capacious and tangible as blankets—and patriarchs surrounded with flocks and herds which would be a credit to Smithfield at its

best. Johann had loved the book, and learned it before he was ten, and still kept it in the box that his Camden Town landlady was guarding.

His brain grasped the fact that the seventh regiment of the division was to make an attack following the explosion of a certain mine, which was to wreck, annihilate, and generally remove from the map the British first-lines trench.

"Which same explosion," communed Private Johann, "is afther dumping me half-way betune the loines—but still aloive," he added, as one gratefully appreciative of a miracle. He restored the notebook, together with the aluminium case, to the overcoat pocket, and continued his dubious progress.

Ten minutes later he was confronted by a bulky little man with a dapper mustache and gold-rimmed *pince-nez*. The dapper little man, who apparently emerged from nowhere, saluted rigidly. Mechanically Private Johann, his own face in the shadow, saluted in return.

"Colonel von Zenden, sir?"

"Ja," said Private Johann huskily. He was physically incapable of running away, even if he had wanted to. Nor was there anywhere to run to.

"Let me introduce myself as Captain Sapt, commanding Companies F and G. We have been expecting you for some time. Was the explosion a success, sir?"

"One might call it so," said Private Johann cautiously.

"We inferred," continued the captain, polishing his glasses, "that the enemy would probably retreat, but that we might retreat—temporarily—also. We are consequently awaiting the further instruction which the General informed us he would send by yourself."

Private Johann nodded. "Where is Major Weinberg?"

"He was killed an hour ago, sir."

Private Johann paid the defunct major the tribute of a sigh. In point of fact, he was considerably relieved. It eliminated his chief risk of being recognized. The notebook had referred to Weinberg as "my old and valued friend, at present commanding a double company possessing less intelligence than sheep."

"You will come down, sir?" insinuated the captain, indicating a black entrance.

"I will come," said Private Johann, and followed his guide past a rigidly saluting sentry. In the hinterlands of his brain he was assuring himself that his chances of coming to the surface again were about one in two million.

Two flights of steps brought them to a second sentry, and a doorway. They entered a brightly lighted room, furnished with wicker chairs, a carpet, and colored pictures from *Lästige Blatter*. A dozen officers were grouped about a central table, in various stages of *négligé*—sure sign that they were Landsturm, and not regulars. They leaped to their feet, saluting, as the two men entered, and an officious young lieutenant dragged a chair to the head of the table for the newcomer.

"Be seated, gentlemen," commanded Private Johann, with a wave of his hand. The cordial had given him confidence, as well as warmth and strength. He would have as gaily passed the time of day with the Imperial Butcher himself. "Give me a plan of the trenches," he ordered—chiefly to gain time.

They brought him a tracing that showed every detail.

"Good! Now listen to me." He wagged an admonitory forefinger to ensure their attention. "The English line ran so and so." He indicated it with his thumb-nail on the paper. "I say 'ran,' because the first line no longer exists. The second is held in

such force that it would be useless for us to make more than a demonstration against it. The real attack will come from Colonel zu Wedel, on your right. What are your remaining effectives, captain?"

"About four hundred and seventy-five men, sir; scarcely enough to—"

"Frighten a couple of thousand demoralized Englishmen?" completed Private Johann, with a cold glare that would have done credit to the old dragoon. "Parade them in twenty minutes' time."

"Very good, sir."

"By the way, if you have any food available—"

They hastened to assure him that every crumb, every drop of wine, was at his absolute disposal.

"Then I will forage for myself," said Private Johann, with the austere magnificence of a Von Moltke. "Direct me to the kitchen."

A dozen voices made haste to direct him. The way lay through a corridor lined with their equipment, and was separated from it by a curtain. The sergeant in charge of the cooking-quarters produced, with the utmost alacrity, coffee, bread, and a sausage which he solemnly assured his excellency was the last in the possession of the regiment.

"Berlin itself could do no better," said Private Johann, and made an excellent, if hasty, meal.

When presently he emerged into the open again, the air was shuddering under the roar of a distant bombardment, the sky meretriciously bright with star-shells. It was a state of things he had seen so often that it had lost even its element of picturesqueness, and become no more than an accepted background to the dull unhappiness of his lot. He turned, and made a critical survey of the long double line of men who waited—tall fellows with close-cropped heads, and faces from which

all except the animalism engendered by weariness and hunger seemed to have been obliterated.

"Brutes they are," said Private Johann to himself; "just poor brutes, bein' driv to death." He moved towards the captain, who stood in the doorway of the dug-out, buckling on his revolver. "You will advance two-deep, Captain Sapt, in the direction I indicate. Since it is to be a surprise attack, there will be no artillery preparation, and no man will fire until he is instructed. You understand?"

The captain saluted. In silence the advance began.

It was difficult to keep line, and more than once the men had to halt and re-form. To Private Johann, his nerves strained almost to snapping point, the few hundred yards that separated him from the obliterated line of trenches seemed as many leagues. They reached it at last, and he went back to Sapt.

"You will wait here until I return."

"Very good, sir. But if one might venture to suggest, as a precaution——"

"Suggest what you please—when the Emperor hands over the command of his armies to a syndicate of junior officers," said Private Johann. "Until then, obey my instructions without comment." And to himself he added, "Th' natest bit av tongue-waggin' Oi've done, so far!"

The captain reddened, and stepped humbly back, leaving Private Johann to pursue his solitary way.

Minor adventures succeeded, including a fall into a shell-crater, before he ultimately blundered into a listening-post, comprising Sergeant Jupes, Corporal Evans, and four privates. More particularly he blundered into the sergeant, who had constituted himself a temporary exploring-party of one. The encounter was not without its lighter side, for both men were on their hands and knees. Johann was the

quicker, but the sergeant was the bigger man. There was a brief struggle, during which Private Johann interjected, "*Kamerad! Kamerad!*" passionately several times, without the smallest effect; and finally he was hauled, in an extremely muddled and bruised condition, into the presence of Lieutenant Mellish.

"O'Hara, by all that's marvelous!" said the lieutenant. "And in the uniform of a Prussian field-officer! You—you damned traitor!"

"Not me, sorr!" panted Private Johann. "Niver a bit av ut, sorr! 'Tis a scarecrow Oi am to luk at, but no thraitor at all, at all. Oi've been blown heavens-hoigh, an' buried hell-deep; an' Oi've been in the inimy's dug-out, and by diplomacy an'—an' swank, got away again wid a few prisoners."

"How many?" demanded the sceptical lieutenant.

"Fower-sixty-five, wid officers compleate, sorr."

There was a momentary pause, during which Private Johann casually unbuttoned his overcoat.

"You've been drinking," said the lieutenant sternly, struggling to avert his eyes from the remarkable condition of the delinquent's uniform.

"Oi have, sorr—stuff that tasted loike a red-hot poker boiled in soda-wather. But 'twas a foine tonic. An' now, if ye'll listen——"

.
The men under Captain Sapt were still waiting, like so many figures in cast-lead, when Johann reappeared. He beckoned the captain into the shadow of a little hummock that hid them from the others.

"I regret," said Private Johann, "to bear unpleasant news." He cleared his throat. "There has been a—blunder. The men have taken a wrong direction. It is a question of surrender or annihilation. You will

order them to pile arms and raise a white flag."

The captain gave a strangled cry, and dragged at his revolver.

"By God, but you are a traitor!" he said, and pulled the trigger.

"Be jabber, 'tis y'rself that's more than a bit av a fule," said Private Johann, "f'r there's not a cartridge in wan av y'r pistols. Oi emptied 'em myself"; and with a swift and nicely calculated blow on the point of the chin, he sent Captain Sapt into an oblivion, from which he emerged in the presence of an English M.O.

Dawn found Private Johann in his dug-out, reading. He was half-blind with fatigue and exhaustion; but it would have needed total blindness to keep him from reading a letter from Jenny Parker. She had discovered his address from the Camden Town landlady, and she wrote to say that she missed him awfully, and that she hoped he would not altogether forget her. There was a good deal more in the letter, but its real value lay in the three little crosses which had been

Chambers's Journal.

shyly scratched beneath the signature. Private Johann was holding it suspiciously near his lips when the lieutenant appeared.

"Er—O'Hara——"

Private Johann blushed vividly, and rose.

"Sorr?"

"The colonel will want to see you in the morning. He is pleased—distinctly pleased—at your work tonight, and, apart from other recognition, you will probably be offered several days' leave—which, of course, you'll decline."

"Not this toime, sorr."

"Really! Well, here's a sovereign, because I—er—called you names, and — Good-night, O'Hara!"

"Good-night, sorr!"

The lieutenant went on his way. Down the trench advanced sundry other apologetic spirits, chanting "For he's a jolly good fellow" at the top of strenuous voices. But Private Johann was already succumbing to slumber—to dreams that were brighter than the moonlight that mocked the many prisoners of his taking.

William Freeman.

THE FATE OF TURKEY.

Unless it be Prester John and his mythical realm in China, no State on earth is such a focus of delusions as Turkey. One only asks, indeed, whether it is the foreigner or the Turk himself who suffers the more from these fancies. The records of every Christian Embassy for three hundred years are full of confident predictions that Turkey is on the verge of total dissolution. Most of the abler travelers, from Ryeant in the seventeenth to Volney at the close of the nineteenth century, wrote in the spirit of men who make haste to describe a dying man because the next generation will see him no more.

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These prophecies, we suppose, were never riper than during this war. Yet here are the Turks—their hands red with Christian blood—proudly announcing to Europe their equality of status with the Great Powers, and "denouncing" the treaties which imposed on them a certain tutelage. The Turks, we imagine, are as sadly deluded as anyone else. The truth is certainly not as they see it, but neither is it likely that they are destined to visible collapse and extinction. They have shown, as they did in 1878, that they are still a military stock. They can fight, but it is their one capacity, and in their long and adventurous

history they have shown no other. In civilization and in polity, though they have advanced (no one who knows the books of the old travelers will dispute that), their progress is still far too slow for the pace of the world. We can respect the men who fought a clean and obstinate battle at Gallipoli and Kut. But these admirable soldiers are still cursed with the infatuated brutes of rulers who have all but extinguished the Armenian stock in the last and worst of a series of massacres.

There need be no lamentation for the clauses of the Treaties of Paris and Berlin which the Porte has just denounced, nor yet for the system of Capitulations of which they rid themselves on the outbreak of the war. This system of control was ill-devised, and if it rescued some Christian victims in detail from Ottoman oppression, it exposed them in the gross to suspicions and fears which more than balanced its gains. No treaties in the world's history have been worse observed, and a student who dissected their annals, clause by clause, would have by turns a sorry tale to tell about every one of the Powers. There is an overwhelming case for a simpler and very different system of control. For of this we feel sure: the Turks are very much farther today from emancipating themselves from European control than they were on the eve of the war. The war in its Eastern aspects has been waged primarily to decide the strategic and economic mastery of the Near East, and neither party to it has the faintest intention of respecting the reality of Turkish independence. The maximum program of the Entente would mean the partition of Turkey. The Germans cherish a more concentrated ambition. They want to swallow Turkey whole.

This problem of the Balkans and Turkey, in which the war had its

origin, is still the chief issue which prolongs it. Everywhere else the outlines of a hopeful settlement begin to emerge. It is about the East that the moment calls especially for prompt and honest thinking. It is an immensely complicated problem, for everything is in the melting-pot, from the Adriatic to the Persian Gulf, and the details are known only to experts, who differ furiously among themselves. In the end, we question whether there is a better expedient for settlement at our command than the proposal, which has been raised in more than one quarter, for a conference on the whole Eastern question, though no conference could be held with a prospect of success until agreement had been reached over some of the broad principles of a settlement. From the bewildering mass of details three key questions emerge—(1) The issue of nationality in the Balkans, (2) the strategical problems of the Berlin-Bagdad railway and the Straits, and (3) the future of Asiatic Turkey as a field of economic effort. The military balance is not such, today, that either side could claim to solve any one of these problems in its own exclusive interest. If the war were to be continued indefinitely with this prime object, it would come to wear increasingly the aspect of a crude struggle of rival forces for the decision of purely Imperialist ends. As these ends emerged sharply and clearly, the moral difficulty of justifying, either to our own democracy or to neutrals, the jeopardy of civilization and the destruction of the youth of Europe would become with each month more serious. The rescue and rehabilitation of Belgium, the delivery and the future security of France—these are ends for which a generous nation will sacrifice everything so long as they are in doubt. They are human ends which touch the greatest things in

life. It is otherwise with this Eastern question. Assume that Serbia is rendered once more independent and secure, and that the remnant of the Armenian people is permanently delivered from massacre and put under the control of the Power which can guarantee that security, and there is no issue in it which moves the same deep impulses. The possession of Constantinople, the ownership of a railway system, the right to irrigate and develop Mesopotamia—these issues may mean much to statesmen and capitalists, and their settlement is of real importance; but they are not ends for which civilized and self-governing nations would consent in cold blood to sacrifice by millions the lives of their own citizens. Even for the coldest economic calculus, not all the potential wealth of the East is worth the colossal debts and the sacrifice of man-power which must be faced in reaching a one-sided solution. That would be true even if the one-sided solution were ideally the best for the world. In point of fact, we hold that the schemes propounded by the extremists on either side would be incompatible with the future peace and liberty of Europe.

How much of this vast question really lies beyond the scope of a moderate settlement? In the Balkans we must be adamant on one point—the full restoration of Serbian integrity and independence. For the rest, Austria-Hungary is apparently moving spontaneously under the young Emperor-King towards the federalist or "trialist" solution of her problems of nationality favored by the murdered Archduke. If that means the creation of an autonomous South Slav State and the limitation of Magyar ascendancy, it is a good and promising solution. For Albania a possible solution would be an Italian protectorate. All the rest—the exact drawing of front-

tiers, with the necessary arrangements for free ports and the use of railways—might well be left to a Conference. The crucial question centers at Constantinople, and here we hope that frank and full discussion will be possible before the final arrangement is made. The essence of the Russian claim is that the Straits should always be free to the passage of her ships, both naval and commercial. If this can be secured by international arrangement, we fail to see that it could be a service to Russia to consent to the prolongation of the war in order to bring about its absolute annexation. Her masses must be decimated in the process no less than our own, and her treasury burdened with a mountain of debt. The objections to the extreme solution must be stated frankly. We do not believe that the liberties of the Balkan peoples, or, indeed, of Eastern Europe as a whole, can be secured if any great Empire makes its seat either in Constantinople or in Salonika. It would overshadow the small States on its borders, and in order to secure its military access to the Imperial City it would be driven to bring them under its control. The interests of the population of the city must also be considered—a mixed crowd, by majority Turkish, and not at all Russian, or even Slav. The ambition belongs to an order of ideas—those of the Pan-Slavist school—which can with difficulty be rendered consistent with the liberties of Eastern Europe. On the other hand, we believe that, with a prospect of international organization before us, the right-of-way through the Straits can be made perfectly secure, both for Russia and for the other Black Sea States. The Straits must be disarmed, and their shores effectively neutralized. The whole arrangement must be under an International Commission, and if the United States, which alone

of the Great Powers have a record of purely disinterested benevolence in Turkey, would assume a part in it, there would be a real guarantee for its security and smooth working. Russia desires, no doubt, the exclusion of the fleets of other Powers from the Black Sea: let that also be conceded. Her interests must be carefully safeguarded both here and elsewhere. She will secure here the essence of her ancient historical ambition. She must also obtain Armenia in no niggardly sense of the word, and there is much also to be said for a Russian annexation of Eastern Galicia, provided that she will respect the cultural liberty of the Ruthenians. These two gains would balance the surrender of the soil of a "free Poland" to the Poles themselves.

There remains the broad question of Asiatic Turkey and the Bagdad Railway. The military significance of the Berlin-Bagdad line will be broken at two points—by the restoration of Serbia and by the neutralization of the Straits. It will then remain an economic high-road. There are many details to be considered—the claims of France in Syria, the future of the

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revolted Arabs of the Holy Cities, the possibility of creating a Zionist State in Palestine, and the arrangements for our naval security in the Persian Gulf. Subject to a settlement of these details, we think that public opinion is coming to accept the view propounded in these columns, which has been advocated recently with great authority by Sir Harry Johnston, that it is not in the interests of Europe to attempt to destroy the purely economic power which the Germans by their enterprise have acquired in Asiatic Turkey. The Turks have themselves chosen their fate. Lord Grey had acquiesced in it on the eve of the war. In the end we believe that the best security for Europe lies in directing German energies to industrial channels such as this. Let them carry their power of work to Turkey, provided that under a freely negotiated arrangement with Europe, countersigned, if need be, by America, they neither threaten Balkan liberties, nor injure the Armenians, nor constrict the free communications of Russia. By such a settlement there would be room for the life and growth of all.

IN THE NAME OF CIVILIZATION.*

The rumors of peace, which, during the last months, have seemed far more dangerous than the war, are at last happily lulled to sleep. That we shall hear more of them is likely, since it is clear that the Germans have had enough fighting to last them for a generation or two. It is equally clear,

from the admirable replies which the Allies have given to their enemies and to President Wilson, that we shall make peace in our own good time and not before. Meanwhile we may look back with satisfaction upon the perils from which we have escaped. About the proposal, which Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg made with tears in his eyes, there hangs no mystery. It was a mere trick of war, which failed of its effect. We do not pretend to understand the motives which prompted President Wilson to make a sudden

*This article from *Blackwood's Magazine* for February, and the following articles from the *London Times*, the *New Statesman*, and the *Nation* were written before the President's address to Congress and the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany; but they are of interest as indicating the attitude of influential English opinion toward the President's peace proposals in his earlier address to the Senate.

appearance among the peacemongers. We can only hope, for his own sake, that he was driven into error by some whim of domestic policy. However bitterly we may resent being turned into the shuttlecock of somebody else's democracy, we can still acknowledge that it is not easy to govern a hundred millions of cosmopolitans without making frequent concessions to their greed or their folly. But we confess that we cannot understand President Wilson's desire that the belligerents should confide in his neutral ear the objects for which they are fighting. We have been at war for more than two years. With painful iteration we have affirmed and reaffirmed our objects and our purposes. If they are not known to President Wilson, they are surely known to all the rest of the world, and it seems to us that we are being asked to waste our time once more in the dissemination of words, words, words.

And though we have not refused, as the Germans have refused, to explain for the tenth time some of the causes for which we fight, we cannot put them all into plain terms, because the main issue of the war is, and must be, moral rather than material. When Germany flung her armies upon an unprepared Europe, she told us with wearisome insistence that she was fighting for *Kultur*. She would be satisfied with nothing less than the imposition of her hideous system of thought and morals upon a debauched and beaten world. She wished also to make herself mistress of the universe. But that hegemony would come of itself. What was of the first and last importance was *Kultur*, and the well-drilled slaves of the German Press were not permitted to make a secret of it. In 1914 we did not know accurately what *Kultur* was, and the British professors who hastened to bring aid and comfort to their foes refrained

from explanation. The devastation of Belgium and France, the murder of thousands of innocents, burned libraries, ruined churches—all these things have revealed to us the true meaning of the hated word. And now that we have made the discovery, the Germans have been ordered to renounce *Kultur* as a cry of victory. Killed by the sinister laughter of all men, it has perished—as perishes, sooner or later, every species of hypocrisy. But the mere fact that it was once an ideal which conquering Germany might have realized, shows us the reign of terror from which we have escaped. And as the Germans made their unprovoked attack in the name of *Kultur*, so we stood upon our defense in the name of civilization. We are fighting (and we shall win) for the independence of will and thought, for the right of every nation to live and train itself as it thinks best, for the freedom of untrammeled genius, for variation against monotony, for individual growth against the drill-sergeant, for the lofty traditions of our race against a uniform slavery of mind and habit—for all those things for which our ancestors bled and fought upon many a stricken field. But how can it help President Wilson to be told again the moral objects of our warfare, if he does not know them already? Iteration will not bring understanding, and he gives us in his Note a definite cause to believe that he has not even begun to understand, after two years, why we will never sheathe our swords until victory is achieved.

Truly there was no statement in President Wilson's Note which aroused so bitter a controversy as the statement that the two groups of belligerents professed to be fighting for the same objects. To pretend to find any sort of analogy between those who broke the peace and those who defended

themselves against aggression, between those who invaded Belgium and those who went to Belgium's aid, between those who have outraged all the laws of war and those who have upheld as best they might the rules of chivalry, is to carry neutrality to the point of complete insensibility. The Allies repudiate, with what energy they may, the mere suggestion that any sort of analogy is possible. They decline for one moment to share the responsibility of the past, or to accept for the future scraps of paper by way of guarantee which will be torn to pieces as soon as ever our adversaries deem it convenient. Between the Allies on the one side and the Central Powers on the other there is fixed a wide gulf of broken faith and outraged codes, of ugly crimes committed in the name of warfare, of judicial murders, of deportations and enslavements, across which the hand of trust and friendship shall never reach. So much must be said in our own vindication before we consider President Wilson's Note, and the mere fact that he permitted himself to make so rash a statement renders his motive in addressing us at all still more dimly mysterious.

For suppose that we took President Wilson's advice, and made with Germany an inconclusive peace, leaving her in the enjoyment of her present strength and still firm in the resolution to prepare for another war and the final triumph of pan-Germanism, what would be the future of the United States? Germany after the war will be a needy power, whose best chance of recuperation will lie in an act of piracy. What country is more tempting to the pirate than the richest country in the world, the country which has accumulated a vast store of wealth while we in Europe were fighting for our lives? There is no doubt to which coast the greedy Ger-

mans would turn their eyes and their ships, and since adequate "preparedness" is not yet the first point in the policy of the United States, the task of replenishing an empty treasury at America's expense might not be beyond the power of an unbeaten Germany. Moreover, the Monroe Doctrine remains in force; yet the United States would not find it easy to repel a German invasion of Brazil (let us say), if our adversaries, still unbeaten, looked towards South America for new markets and fresh enterprises. How, then, should a drawn war profit the United States any more than it would profit Europe? And it is only a drawn war which the peace of President Wilson's suggesting could contemplate or ensure.

The best parallel, inverted to be sure, to President Wilson's action, will be found in the loyalty with which the nations of Europe encouraged Abraham Lincoln to finish the war between North and South after his own fashion and in his own time. The inconvenience which that historic struggle imposed upon the neutral countries was far greater than any which the United States may plead today. And what happened? The operatives of Manchester, starving for lack of cotton, sent to Lincoln a message of hope and sympathy. They did not ask the belligerents to put down their aims and objects in writing; they did not hint that these aims and objects were very much the same on both sides. They supported gladly and chivalrously what they thought was right, and earned, for their country the gratitude and the friendship of Abraham Lincoln. It would have been better, we cannot help thinking, if President Wilson, before he sent his Note across the ocean, had looked more closely to the history of his own land, and had considered by what tradition of good

feeling and good will England and the United States were then bound together.

And now at last President Wilson has got at least half of what he asked for. While Germany pretended that she had conveyed her terms of peace secretly to Washington, the Allies, if not more wisely, at least more cunningly, inspired, have sent their proposals to the United States plainly and openly, so that all those who, for some reason or by some negligence, did not know them, may plead ignorance no longer. It is a document with which they who framed it may be satisfied. It is at once conciliatory towards the United States and jealous of the rights and dignities of those who have signed it. It gives a benevolent approval to the vague plans of international police, of which we hear a vast deal today, and which we shall forget on the morrow of peace. It challenges with a direct simplicity the analogy which President Wilson drew between the two groups of belligerents, and it briefly schedules the outrages committed by the Central Powers—outrages which will stand firm between us and an inconclusive benevolent peace. It points to the calculated policy of aggression by which Germany and Austria-Hungary sought to ensure the hegemony of Europe. "By her declaration of war," it says, "by the instant violation of Belgium and Luxemburg, and by her methods of warfare, Germany has proved that she systematically scorns every principle of humanity and all respect due to small States." And then it asks: "Is it necessary to recall the horrors which marked the invasion of

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Belgium and of Serbia, the atrocious treatment undergone by the invaded countries, the massacres of hundreds of thousands of inoffensive Armenians, the barbarities inflicted upon the peoples of Syria, the raids of Zeppelins upon open towns, the destruction by submarines of passenger liners and merchant vessels even under neutral flags, the cruel treatment inflicted on prisoners of war, the judicial murders of Miss Cavell and Captain Fryatt, the deportation and enslavement of civil populations, etc.?" The list is long and incomplete, but it will explain with perfect lucidity the protest which the Allies feel themselves bound to make against an obviously false analogy.

And lastly, the Allies find no difficulty in setting forth once again the aims which they will reach before peace is made and signed. Briefly stated, they include the restoration, "primarily and of necessity," with all the indemnities which justice demands, of Belgium, Serbia, and Montenegro; the evacuation of all occupied territories; the reorganization of Europe, "based alike upon the principle of nationalities, on the right which all peoples, whether small or great, have to the enjoyment of full security and free economic development"; the restitution of provinces or territories formerly torn from the Allies, including, of course, Alsace-Lorraine; and the exclusion from Europe of the Ottoman empire. They are objects worth fighting for; and now that they are plain to all the world—as they might have been a year ago—we may forget all about the rumors of peace, and concentrate all our energies upon the active conduct of the war.

PRESIDENT WILSON ON UNIVERSAL PEACE.

It is too soon as yet to form a considered judgment upon the very remarkable speech which President Wilson made January 22 in the American

Senate. Its language has evidently been weighed with so much nicety and care that premature comment might overlook or misinterpret the precise shade of meaning which particular passages are intended to bear. Certain broad impressions, however, can hardly be mistaken. It illustrates more fully and more forcibly than any of Mr. Wilson's former utterances the high and daring character of his pacifist ideals together with the prudence and caution of his policy. The project which he propounds to the Senate and people of the United States, and indeed, as he himself intimates, to "the silent masses of mankind" in all countries, is nothing less ambitious and less splendid than the establishment of a perpetual and universal reign of peace. That has been the dream of many thinkers for a great number of centuries. Mr. Wilson, we believe, is the first head of a mighty State who has proposed it as a scheme of practical politics, and it must, of course, appeal to the imagination and the hearts of all men. Our doubt is whether their judgment can give it unreserved approval. Mr. Wilson is careful to point out that the peace which he is discussing is not the peace that is to close this war. America, as he truly says, can have no voice in determining the terms of that settlement. What he has at heart is the international concert which, he considers, must hereafter hold the world at peace. He declares, with a confidence which is perhaps excessive, that the creation of a definite concert of the Powers after the war is everywhere taken for granted, and he holds that the United States must play their part in its creation and "show mankind the way to liberty." But all this is to be accomplished "in the days to come," when the foundations of peace are to be laid afresh and upon a new plan. Mr. Wilson has thought it

expedient and desirable to explain at once that the only kind of peace which America could possibly help to guarantee must fulfil certain conditions, and it is at this point that he gets nearest to the subject of the terms on which the war will be ended. The peace of which he wishes America to be a guarantor must be worth guaranteeing. It must do more than serve the interests and the immediate aims of the belligerents. It must "engage the confidence and satisfy the principles" of the American Government. If it does not, they cannot participate in the guarantees, and "no covenant of co-operative peace which does not include the peoples of the New World" will be sufficiently strong. Mr. Wilson declares—and this is among the most important passages in the speech—that it is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of this universal peace to create a force so strong that no nation or probable combination of nations could resist it. Peace must be secured "by the recognized major force of mankind."

Everything, Mr. Wilson declares, depends upon whether the war is "a struggle for a just and secure peace, or only for a new balance of power." The statesmen of "both" groups have given assurances, he states, that they do not intend to crush their adversaries, and these assurances, Mr. Wilson argues, "imply first of all that it must be a peace without victory." We need not follow the President into his eloquent description of the evils of a "victory peace." The Allies, it is enough to say, believe a "victory peace" to be as essential as Mr. Lincoln believed it to be essential in the Civil War. They believe it to be essential for the attainment of those very aims of a moral and ideal kind which Mr. Wilson regards as indispensable foundations of a solid and abiding peace such as America might help to guarantee. There can be no

"drawn war" between the spirit of Prussian militarism and the spirit of real peace which the Allies, the Americans, and indeed all neutrals, desire. "Militarism" cannot be exorcised except by defeat in the field, and therefore the Allies can hear of no peace which is not a "victory peace." With other conditions laid down by Mr. Wilson we are in close agreement, though some of them need qualification and reserves. We agree with him that great nations and small must have equal rights. The Allies are fighting for this end in Belgium and in Serbia. We agree that Governments have no right to transfer peoples against their will from potentate to potentate. The Allies mean to vindicate that principle in Alsace-Lorraine, in Poland, and in the Balkans. We

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may even agree in theory that when the universal and perpetual peace to which Mr. Wilson aspires has become an accomplished fact, his views as to the freedom of the sea "in practically all circumstances" and about the limitations of naval and military armaments might become feasible. They would be the logical consequences of such a peace; but until such a peace is consummated, until "the universal Monroe doctrine" is regarded as sacred and inviolable by all States and peoples, and until they have all sincerely renounced every kind of "entangling alliance," agreements to realize them would but play into the hands of the statesmen and peoples who hold their treaties and their pledges to be "scraps of paper" and "just words."

THE ONE WAY OUT.

We do not know what attitude our Government and other Allied Governments will adopt to President Wilson's address to the American Senate. But of one thing we are convinced. If what Mr. Wilson calls the "silent mass of mankind," including that most silent and most suffering mass of all, the armies—could come to a free vote on his proposal of a guaranteed peace, embodying every original aim of the war, they would carry it by majorities running into millions, and enforce its policy by a common demonstration. Let us not be mistaken. We regard the President's speech as essentially an endorsement of the true case of the Allies and an attestation of its substantial success. For had America come to the conclusion that we had failed, it is clear that neither the Wilson Note nor the Wilson address would have been delivered. The least military of all the great

nations must have seen in the victory of the most finished type of militarism the defeat of her ideals and the consequent deformation of her whole political structure. America has spoken, because America sees the chance of a peace to which she can contribute, and of a world in which she can live. But the great statesman who is her voice has realized one fact, which we, who are in the midst of the *mélée*, cannot see so well. He recognizes that there is a point at which the interests of the peoples which are at war, and of mankind, which is in its aggregate a real part of the war, call for a definition and an advocacy which the chief executants of the Governments concerned cannot apply to them. "Would to Heaven I had time to think!" wrote one of these gentlemen to a friend. But thought there must be when the intelligent force of whole nations—men and women to-

gether—is exhausted in the mere direction of the war machine. What is the state of human society today? Millions have perished, millions more seem doomed to perish; whole peoples are sinking; the fields are half-tilled, and famine or want broods over hundreds of thousands of miles of territory, filled with skilled and laborious folk; massacre reigns unchecked over wide surfaces of the world; the withdrawal of moral restraints and provisions, of social, economic, and sanitary law, the loss of liberties, the discouragement of truth, mercy, justice, of nearly all the greater human qualities but physical courage and endurance, are common to the entire area of the war; the flower of the youth and hope of the leading races of Christendom is devoted to destruction. Intervention? If there is a power and a man able to bring such a war to an end, no duty to God or man can rank above such a work of deliverance.

Now Mr. Wilson's way of escape happens to be that which, when the problem was at its simplest, the leaders of the Allies chose and proclaimed as the prime object of the war. It is necessary to point this out, for an incorrigible press has made the same mistake about the President's speech as about his Note. It insists that as the one document established an equality of rights between us and Germany, the latter calls on us to accept the price of defeat. But neither Mr. Wilson's procedure nor his evident object lends itself to this criticism. The Note suggested, not that the belligerents wanted the same thing, but that they both said they did. The address to the Senate based itself on the fact, not that either side was beaten, but that each had been disclaiming the desire to crush its antagonist. And, this, argued Mr. Wilson, meant that there must be "a peace without victory."

There let us discriminate. Mr. Wilson is a neutral, and cannot therefore address either belligerent in terms which it would regard as offensive; he is not even speaking directly to us or to Germany, but to his own people; and he does not propose to settle the peace himself. But he makes it perfectly clear that the peace which America would approve and guarantee implies a defeat of all the aggressive purposes of our enemy. Mankind, he declares, is looking for "freedom of life," for release from the uncovenanted mercies of military force. But that is precisely the object of our own effort. Under this new dispensation, there could be no stealing of territory, no trafficking of unwilling peoples; nothing which would lend countenance to a German Belgium, a German Serbia, or a German Montenegro. We must therefore seek for his meaning in the true character and significance of this war of nations. "Peace without victory" may be a hard saying to the civilian who merely observes this war. But it is no riddle to the soldier who fights it. And it ought not to be even a political puzzle. For it is clear that when the force of nationality is embodied in masses so united, so powerful, and so patriotic as the British Empire or the German Confederation, their ability to destroy each other is gone, save on conditions of a common sacrifice which no civilized communities will accept. In that sense, there is no chance of victory, and there never was. Neither side can hope to finish a modern war by such a succession of strokes as Napoleon used to destroy the Prussian State in the campaign of 1806. We are not likely to occupy Berlin, nor Germany London; nor can one military organization put its antagonist completely out of action. But the warfare of these antagonists was essentially decided when the offensive force (which

was Germany) failed definitely to impose its will on the conservative force and its allied helpers. That failure occurred when the French armies drove Germany on to the lines of the Aisne, and when Britain set the embargo on German maritime trade and turned this "victorious" Power into an unhappy half-starved community sustaining its armies by every kind of desperate and immoral expedient, and at the cost of dearth to the civil population. Two years and a half of war have fixed that relationship of the belligerents. It is a deadlock; but its real bar is on the pan-German ambition. Little remains but to devise a form of State life "under common protection," in which these ferocious and prolonged encounters are unnecessary, because the predatory aims which lay behind them will become impossible, or very difficult.

This is the American offer, and there is no other. This is the way out of the war, and there is no other. It is pointed in terms almost identical with the phrasing of our statesmanship, and it discloses no danger to British power, but rather a general guarantee of its permanence. To this general harmony with British interests there is, indeed, one apparent exception. Of Mr. Wilson's three pillars of the new European State—a rule of equity based "on common strength," government by consent of the peoples, and the freedom of the seas and their outlets—two are our own. The third is erected against us only if we insist that the sea-law of the future must be laid down and executed solely by the British Navy, irrespective of the rights of neutrals and of the guarantees of security which a League of Nations could set up. That was not the claim of Lord Grey. His one stipulation was that the "freedom of the seas" should only come into negotia-

tion if the freedom of the land was also a subject of international control. Only if we abandon that position are we in conflict with America, and even so, on a ground of form rather than of substance. We are not asked to give up anything, indeed it would be obvious that if a war were again forced on us against the will of the League, we should automatically recover our powers of blockade and search, even if we had consented to qualify them. We are only called on to put this great subject into the common stock, and regard it as part of the debate on a general settlement. If the American offer were the empty thing which Mr. Bonar Law describes it to be, and Mr. Wilson had merely asked us to subscribe to a new Hague Convention, we might indeed waive it and proceed with the arbitrament of arms. But Mr. Law has either neglected to read the Wilson speech, or has failed to understand it. The Hague Conventions were little more than collections of *obiter dicta*, completely lacking in the quality of regulation and enforcement which Mr. Wilson seeks to apply to them. Does Mr. Law suggest that no such strengthening element is desirable, and that our reliance must be on force alone and to the end? Then he has gone back on all the historic declarations of the Allies, and has imposed on them a new scheme of policy.

To what point, then, does the Wilson address bring this distracted world of ours? Not, it may be, to an immediate act of peace-making. The diplomatic exchanges are incomplete, for Germany has as yet made no answer of substance to Mr. Wilson's request for a statement of terms, and, save for confidential communications, he is not seized of her idea of a treaty. When that communication is made, there can be only two further bars to

an entry into the circle of negotiation. On the one hand, Germany may be unprepared to disown, cancel, and repair her violations of European freedom. And we on our side may have added to our program of restoration and liberation a scheme for the dismemberment of Austria. For our

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part, we can accept no such proposition. From it must inevitably arise a strong Liberal-Radical and Labor opposition to the continuance of the war on a new bond of service to our old Moloch, the Balance of Power. On that blood-soaked altar we have laid tribute enough.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S MOVE FOR PEACE.

There is a loftiness of thought and phrase in President Wilson's address to the United States Senate which, whatever be its sequel, will probably make it interesting to posterity as well as to ourselves. The substance of it falls under two heads—a statement of the League to Enforce Peace ideal, and a statement of the terms on which, in the President's judgment, the present war must be ended if a League to Enforce Peace is to follow it.

With the first of these theses we are in hearty agreement. *The New Statesman* is the more bound to be, because Mr. Wilson follows without deviation, so far as he goes, the path which was first publicly traced, we believe, in these columns some eighteen months ago. He sketches a society of nations in which law is to have the sanction of force, instead of force getting the sanction of law; in which the component States, small or great, weak or strong, are to be equal before the law, however unequal in other respects; and in which, just as in societies composed of individual men and women, there is to be a definite common authority armed with a definite force so much superior to that of any of the associated units, that those units can be kept in habitual order by it. "It will be absolutely necessary," says President Wilson,

that a force be created as a guarantor of the permanency of the settlement

so much greater than the force of any nation now engaged or any alliance hitherto formed or projected, that no nation, no probable combination of nations, could face or withstand it. If the peace presently to be made is to endure, it must be a peace made secure by the organized major force of mankind.

There could not be a more definite admission of the need for what we have in these columns termed a Supernational Authority, if the world is ever to exorcise the recurrent peril of war. Mr. Wilson deserves the thanks of the world for being the first among the world's responsible statesmen to recognize it explicitly; though indeed it had been adumbrated before him by Viscount Grey.

We wish we could agree with him in thinking that the triumph of this creed is already assured. "In every discussion of the peace that must end this war," he says, "it is taken for granted;" and again, "every lover of mankind, every sane and thoughtful man must take that for granted." Such statements may be true of the cultured drawing-rooms in the great American cities, *au-dessus de la mêlée*; but they are seriously untrue of Europe. There is no ground for supposing that any one of the actual or possible directors of German policy today has the least desire to see such a World Concert working on honest lines, however

ready they might be in some circumstances to help set up a pretense of one, which they saw a chance of using as a cloak and an instrument for further aggression. In the Allied countries and Governments, on the other hand, there is a genuine, though not yet a universal, current of sympathy with the ideal. The doubts which tell most against it here are inspired by the certainty of German aggressiveness and the uncertainty as to whether American statesmen will so far abandon their traditions as to become its curb instead of its cat's paw. Now if Mr. Wilson is ever successfully to launch his scheme, he must make the most of such elements of good faith and good will as exist in official Europe. Pre-war history (quite apart from the records of July-August, 1914) shows plainly where alone they are to be found. Between 1774 and 1900 there were 177 cases of international arbitration; Great Britain was a party to seventy of them; the United States to fifty; France to twenty-six; Prussia-Germany to none. To do Hohenzollern statesmanship justice, it scarcely ever dissembled before the present occasion either its disbelief in arbitration, or its belief in trial by battle. "Perpetual peace," ran Moltke's apothegm, "is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream." Under her present still undefeated rulers Germany will never enter Mr. Wilson's World Concert, unless in bad faith or under duress. And since the very different influences, which are needed to get his scheme working successfully, have thus to be sought elsewhere, the President would be well-advised, when he picks his language and his tags of policy, to care rather less about throwing "impartial" sops to German opinion and very much more about not quenching the smoking flax in the Allied countries. For if that goes out his fire can never burn.

Whether we like it or not, we fear that both his Note and his address have poured a good deal of water on the flax in question. Not that the address is on all fours with the Note; it is not similarly marred by the occasion of its delivery, nor has it the same unfortunate air of putting pressure on one side and acceding to the wishes of the other. But the second of its two theses—its catalog of the terms of peace, which the President demands from the belligerents as the condition of American participation in a post-war Concert—contains as perhaps its outstanding feature a direct adoption of the two precise demands on which German opinion has been most concentrated, and which are, in fact, those most essential to future German world-ascendancy. These are the demands that there should be "no victory," and the demand for the "freedom of the seas." In regard to the catalog as a whole, its notable quality (as a writer in the *Westminster Gazette* was the first to point out in this country) is its close reproduction of the celebrated articles by "Cosmos" which appeared shortly after the Presidential election in the *New York Times*. The resemblance is much more than a general one; it extends to minute matters of detail where it can scarcely be anything but the unconscious result of a common origin; and it confirms with something approaching certainty the report that the "Cosmos" articles (which are supposed to have been written by the president of Columbia University, one of Mr. Wilson's most intimate friends) were, in fact, the expression of the President's mind. This discovery, if accepted, is valuable, in so far as the articles are much longer and more explicit than the address, and explain in full much that the address states briefly.

The "Cosmos" program, as set out

in the address, has five main points. Two are excellent. Mr. Wilson sees that if peace is to be perpetual such causes of international unrest as can be foreseen must be eliminated in advance. The grand mistake of the Congress of Vienna in overriding the spirit of nationality must on no account be repeated. In particular there must be a "united, independent, and autonomous Poland." In the same spirit the President demands that "every great people now struggling towards a full development of its resources and of its powers should be assured of a direct outlet to the great highways of the sea." He hastens to add, however, that it need not be by cession of territory, but may be guaranteed by international agreement—a formula which (though perhaps the only possible one in some cases, such as those of Bohemia or Roumania) is yet too elastic and precarious for any Great Power either to boggle about granting it or to care overmuch about securing it. Another of the five points is limitation of armaments (which the President places last, and makes conditional on the securing of all the others); and the remaining two are the pro-German points to which we have briefly alluded, and which have caused the address as a whole to be received with enthusiastic favor by German propagandists everywhere.

About these two points it is as well to clear our minds of ambiguity. "No victory" means in the circumstances of the case a German victory. It can mean nothing else. The reasons are perfectly well known to the German popularizers of the formula; and if Mr. Wilson does not appreciate them, it may be that Mr. Balfour's recent

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despatch (received in the United States after the text of Mr. Wilson's address had been not only composed but received in this country) will help to bring him nearer to the European point of view. His present feeling that a victory will rankle, and should be avoided on that account, rather loses sight of the mass of rankling which already exists in the war-torn world—a mass which decisive victory might do much to purge, but nothing else will. Nothing short of victory will satisfy the Allied peoples, and nothing short of it will secure our aims—and Mr. Wilson's. In regard to "freedom of the seas" his meaning is not really in doubt, for he describes it as "that which in international conference after conference representatives of the people of the United States have urged." What they have urged, and what "Cosmos" urges, is what the Germans also urge—namely, the exemption of all merchantmen at sea from all interference or capture by naval forces, except where they carry contraband. We argued in these columns before the war that such a rule, if accepted, would disarm naval Powers of the one offensive weapon which they possessed as such, while leaving the military Powers armed. The war, we venture to think, has proved this contention up to the hilt; and incidentally it has dismissed to limbo the chief assumptions on which the American argument previously rested—viz., the assumption that private property would be treated as immune from capture on land, and the further assumption that the rules of warfare, whether on land or sea, would be carried out, because neutrals would insist on them.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Harriet Lummis Smith's story of "Peggy Raymond's School Days" (The Page Company) carries one stage farther the career of a charming girl whose experiences of life, as told in the two earlier books of the "Friendly Terrace Series" have diverted many girl readers. In the present story, to the tale of school rivalries, friendships and pleasures is added a little flavor of romance which, doubtless, will enhance its attractiveness to the readers to whom it is addressed, none of whom are likely to find it dull. Half a dozen full page illustrations, by Weston Taylor, interpret pleasantly the girl characters who figure in the story, especially Peggy herself.

The gradual achievement of a soul-victory by a plain everyday woman, is the theme Allan Meacham presents in "Belle Jones." Belle is a poor dressmaker left with a miserable, weak-minded, drunken father. She gives her life to supporting and caring for him after she has heard a sermon in which the young preacher exhorts his hearers to make of their lives "Poems." For the sake of this father she denies herself everything, refuses her lover, and accepts boldly an existence of unrelieved work and drudgery. She serves for half-a-century and dies, shortly after the worthless creature for whom she has stripped herself bare, honored and loved by all. The clergyman of the initial sermon officiates at her funeral. Clearly-drawn, high-motived, as the work unquestionably is, it falls into the category of "over-sentimental fiction" for which the English critics reproach the American novelists. E. P. Dutton and Company.

Of making many books—about the war—there is no end and each one is more graphic, more shudder-compelling,

than its predecessor. The charm of "Ambulance No. 10," personal letters written from the front and in an ambulance working through the fields of France, glows in its enthusiasm and in the throb of poetry which underlies its phraseology and its point of view. Many writers have had ghastlier experiences, or more adventurous, or more romantic, and have written of them; none has been able to stamp a more vibrant picture on the brain of the man who reads. The personal touches of trench-life, hospital-service, bringing - back - the - wounded - and - the-dying, all stab down into the nerves. Leslie Buswell, the author, has an intense enthusiasm for the French and it bubbles forth on every page—"How can one help caring for France and French people." His was a gallant adventure spicily chronicled. Houghton Mifflin Company.

In Herbert Bayard Swope's volume "Inside the German Empire, 1916" (The Century Company) American readers have their first opportunity to obtain a near view of conditions in Germany, the feeling of the people, the attitude of the Government, the war sufferings and the war measures, and all this at a date so recent that it reads like today's newspaper letters of a war correspondent. That, indeed, is what Mr. Swope is, and he has had unusual opportunities of approach both to the German authorities and the German people. The observations and experiences narrated in this book were gained during the latter months of 1916, and the reader scarcely needs Ambassador Gerard's cordial endorsement of the volume as "an important contribution to contemporaneous history" and "referential value for the future" rightly to appraise its interest and significance. Among the most striking, and, as events have shaped

themselves, most timely chapters are those which describe the German hatred of America and its causes, Germany's view of President Wilson, and America as seen through German eyes. The author's personal attitude is singularly impartial.

Dr. Herbert Adams Gibbons, whose work "The New Map of Europe" has attracted wide and well-deserved praise for its fair and dispassionate treatment of the territorial and diplomatic issues involved in the present war, follows it now with a volume on "The New Map of Africa" (The Century Company) which makes a worthy companion to the earlier book. It is quite clear that the war is likely to be followed by a making over, not only of the map of Europe but the map of Africa; and a volume like the present, which follows the history of the different European colonies in Africa, their clashing ambitions and their relations with the natives, from 1899 to the present year, is extremely helpful in understanding the present and forecasting the future. The work is the fruit not only of wide study, but of personal experience and observation, for the author spent a large part of last year traveling in Egypt, the Sudan, the Barbary States and other parts of Africa, and had the opportunity of visiting and comparing the views of local administrators. The material collected is of so wide a range that it would have been valuable, however it might have been presented, but, happily, Dr. Gibbons has an extremely lucid and interesting way of conveying his information and conclusions. His book stands alone in its field and is of high importance and significance. It is illustrated with six colored maps.

No more absorbing narrative of war experiences has been written than Edward Eyre Hunt's "War Bread" (Henry Holt & Company). Mr. Hunt is a young American—a Harvard graduate of a few years ago—who has been serving as American delegate of the Commission for Relief in Belgium in charge of the Province of Antwerp. He sailed from New York in August, 1914, and his war experiences began promptly, for the Holland-America liner "Nieuw Amsterdam," on which he sailed, carried 750 German reservists who were on their way to serve in the German armies, but who were captured at sea by a French war ship and landed at Brest. Going thence to Rotterdam, and later to Berlin, Mr. Hunt remained long enough in the German capital to get in touch with the situation from the German point of view. He then went to Antwerp, and narrowly escaped arrest as a spy. He was in Antwerp during the bombardment, and witnessed the Belgian retreat and the internment of the refugees in Holland. Then he went back to Antwerp and began his service as the American delegate for that province under the Commission for Relief in Belgium which, under the leadership of Herbert C. Hoover has done such splendid service for humanity. Of Mr. Hoover, and of Brand Whitlock, the American Minister, Cardinal Mercier, and the German Governor-Generals von der Goltz and von Bissing Mr. Hunt gives vivid sketches, and his account of his personal experiences in the relief work is most graphic. He writes without egotism, and without partisanship, and every page of his narrative is alive with human interest. Eighteen full-page illustrations bring before the eye the scenes and incidents described.